This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

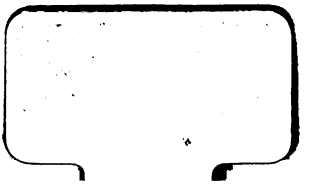
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600078941Z



BEATRICE TYLDESLEY.

BEATRICE TYLDESLEY.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"TOWER OF LONDON," "MANCHESTER REBELS," "PRESTON FIGHT,"
"LEAGUER OF LATHOM," &c. &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1878.

[*Right of Translation reserved by the Author.*]
951. e. 523.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

BOOK THE SECOND.—KENSINGTON PALACE.—(*Continued.*)

III.

PAGE

WALTER PREPARES TO SET OUT FOR LONDON . . 3

IV.

THE JOURNEY, AND THE ARRIVAL AT THE "QUEEN'S HEAD." 11

V.

THE OLD PALACE OF WHITEHALL. 17

VI.

SIR JOHN TRENCHARD 24

VII.

MR. AARON SMITH, SOLICITOR TO THE TREASURY . 34

VIII.

CAPTAIN CROSBY IS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN. . . 44

IX.

PAGE

Captain Stamp and Captain Stainer . . . 54

X.

Queen Mary 65

XI.

A Discovery 76

XII.

How Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield were arrested 91

BOOK THE THIRD.—THE JACOBITE TRIALS AT MANCHESTER.

I.

Colonel Tyldesley departs for Fenwick Tower. . 103

II.

Roger Dicconson 115

III.

How Lunt was duped by Roger Dicconson. . . 127

IV.

Trafford Hall 141

V.

Of the Change that took place in Beatrice . . 153

VI.

PAGE

How Captain Bridges was braved by Hornby . 162

VII.

Of the Preparations made for the Trial of the Jacobite Gentlemen in Manchester . . 168

VIII.

The Trial and the Verdict 183

IX.

What followed the Liberation of the Jacobite Gentlemen 202

X.

Beatrice continues unshaken in her Resolve . 208

XI.

The Duke of Berwick 222

XII.

Beatrice has an Interview with Madame de Maintenon 236

XIII.

Beatrice urges Walter to abandon his Design . 242

BOOK THE FOURTH.—SIR JOHN FENWICK.

I.

PAGE
THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS 251

II.

WILLIAM THE THIRD 263

BEATRICE TYLDESLEY.

Book the Second.

[CONTINUED.]

KENSINGTON PALACE.

III.

WALTER PREPARES TO SET OUT FOR LONDON.

By this time Beatrice was able to leave her room, and her re-appearance gave the greatest delight to the colonel and every inmate of the hall.

She still looked rather delicate, but the bloom had returned to her cheek, and she declared she felt quite strong—though not yet able to ride back to Newhaven.

As soon as she and Walter were alone together, he said to her:

"I have something to tell you. I have

conceived a strange project, the execution of which I have deferred until I could explain it to you, as you may not approve of it. I intend to proceed to London, and hope to obtain an interview with Sir John Trenchard, the Secretary of State, at Whitehall. I likewise mean to visit Mr. Aaron Smith, Solicitor to the Treasury."

"Why, these persons are our worst enemies!" she cried.

"It is for that very reason I desire to see them," he rejoined. "I feel sure I shall be able to gain much useful information from both."

"You will be sure to be arrested," she rejoined.

"On the contrary, I believe I shall be very well received. These two personages encourage informers, and it is in that character I shall present myself to them both.

I shall persuade them I have some highly important secrets to reveal, and as they must both be well aware of my connexion with the Jacobite party, they will believe me."

"Yes, the plan may succeed; but I do not approve of it. It is unworthy of you."

"Every stratagem is fair against an enemy. Besides, it is only fighting him with his own weapons. That treacherous rascal, Lunt, who came to Saint-Germain, is now hired, I am convinced, by Aaron Smith, to swear away the lives of our friends, and it is chiefly in the hope of saving them that I am induced to undertake this hazardous task. Of late, Father Johnson and myself have been under the constant apprehension that Colonel Tyldesley would be arrested on Lunt's information."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "I have heard nothing of it."

"The matter has been purposely kept from you," he rejoined. "But I fear the danger is not over."

"This is very alarming intelligence," she cried. "You will do a real service to our friends if you succeed in frustrating the designs of this villain. Have you mentioned your plan to Colonel Tyldesley?"

"I have; but he thinks it too full of risk, and has tried to dissuade me from the attempt."

"Perhaps I ought also to dissuade you, Walter," she said; "but on hearing your explanation, I cannot do so. Go; and I will pray heartily for your success."

"You give me fresh courage," he cried, pressing her hand to his lips.

"When do you propose to set out on the expedition?" she inquired.

"Without delay. I ought to be in

London now, but I shall not be long in getting there."

"Shall you go alone?"

He replied in the affirmative, but looked as if there was one person he would fain have with him.

"I wish I could accompany you," she said, "but that cannot be."

"I know it," he rejoined, with a sigh. "Nor could you help me. I must do the work alone. All my preparations are made. I have only to order my horse to be saddled."

"I understand!" she cried. "You would have our parting take place now."

"It were better," he rejoined. "You shall bid farewell for me to Colonel Tyldesley and Father Johnson."

Thus saying, he clasped her to his breast. The deep emotion felt by both took away

the power of speech; and they parted without another word.

Some ten minutes afterwards, as Walter was on his way to the stables, fully equipped for the journey, and carrying the valise which he meant to take with him, he met Colonel Tyldesley, and was obliged to tell him he was about to start for London.

"I will frankly own, colonel, that I did not mean to take a formal leave of you," he said. "You will easily guess my motive, and, I think, approve of it. I have communicated my plans to Beatrice, who will describe them to you. I hope to be back soon, and to bring you good news."

"Nay, I will see you off," cried the colonel; "and, unless you would rather be without me, will ride with you to Preston."

"I shall be truly glad of your company,"

replied Walter. "It will set me pleasantly on my journey."

They then proceeded to the stables, where they found Hornby, by whose direction a strong horse had already been saddled for Walter, pistols placed in the holsters, and a cloak fastened in front. The valise was now secured at the back of the saddle.

"I hope you are not angry with me, colonel?" said Hornby, in a deprecatory tone, to his master. "But I could not refuse to assist Captain Crosby in a scheme which, whether you approve of it or not, I know to be intended for your benefit."

"You did quite right, Hornby," replied the colonel. "Since Captain Crosby is resolved to undertake the dangerous expedition, I have nothing more to say against it, and only hope it may succeed. But now get me a horse saddled quickly!"

"You are not going to London, colonel?" cried the steward.

"Never mind where I am going. I shall take a groom with me."

From her chamber window, which commanded the approach to the Lodge, Beatrice saw the colonel and Walter, followed by a groom, come forth and cross the drawbridge.

Walter looked towards that window, saw who was there, and waved an adieu.

She watched him as he rode along the avenue, and when he disappeared, turned away, and exclaimed, almost in accents of despair, "Shall I ever behold him again?"

IV.

THE JOURNEY, AND THE ARRIVAL AT THE "QUEEN'S HEAD."

COLONEL TYLDESLEY was not very cheerful during their ride to Preston, for he could not help feeling that Walter was needlessly exposing himself to danger, and though he did not remonstrate with him further, he could not offer him encouragement.

Walter himself was in tolerably good spirits. The enterprise he had undertaken suited his adventurous character, and he had no misgivings as to its results.

On the contrary, he firmly believed he should be able to render an important service to Colonel Tyldesley and the other Lancashire Jacobites.

When they reached Preston, and the time came for separating, the colonel could not help urging him to give up the expedition, and return with him to Myerscough; but Walter positively refused.

"No, no, colonel, I won't turn back now," he said. "I never give up a plan I have deliberately formed, and I see no reason why this should be abandoned."

"Well, I will say no more," rejoined the colonel, "except that I shall be heartily glad to see you back safe and sound. But before we part, let me ask if you have any need of money. Here is my purse."

"I believe I have quite enough, but I won't refuse the friendly offer," replied Walter, taking the purse.

They then parted, with the warmest expressions of regard on either side.

Colonel Tyldesley remained for two or three hours at Preston, and, meeting Colonel Townley at the house of a Jacobite friend in the town, had some private conversation with him.

"We unlucky Jacobites are all in great danger at the present moment," said Colonel Townley, "and Heaven only knows what will become of us, unless the tide turns in our favour. We expect an invasion and an insurreetion, but neither happens. We are promised deliverance from the usurper, but he remains on the throne. You and myself, with Lord Molyneux, seem specially marked out for attack, and I fear we can only escape imprisonment by flight."

"I do not like to abandon Myerscough," replied Colonel Tyldesley, "otherwise I

should certainly hasten to Saint-Germain, and take Miss Tyldesley with me. But I shall only await Captain Crosby's return from town, and be guided by the tidings he may bring."

"Possibly he may not return at all," said Colonel Townley, "and the next tidings you may receive of him may be that he is imprisoned in the Tower."

"I sincerely trust not!" rejoined Colonel Tyldesley; "but in that case, I shall instantly start for France."

"I think a general meeting of our friends ought to take place," said Colonel Townley, "to consider what course of action should be adopted under present circumstances."

"Such a meeting is absolutely necessary," replied Colonel Tyldesley, "but we must take care it is not discovered by the Government spies and informers, or we shall be arrested. Where shall the meeting

be held—at Townley Hall, or at Myerscough?"

"A week hence, at my house," replied Colonel Townley. "I will try to bring together Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard, Sir Rowland Stanley, Sir Thomas Clifton, Mr. Bartholomew Walmsley of Dunkenhalgh, Mr. Dicconson, Mr. Philip Langton, and Mr. William Blundell."

"You may count upon me," said Colonel Tyldesley. "Perhaps Captain Crosby may have returned from London by that time. If so, I will bring him with me."

"Do so, by all means," said the other.

Nothing more of any import passed between them, and soon afterwards Colonel Tyldesley rode back to Myerscough.

It is not our intention to recount Walter's adventures during his journey to London, which occupied four days.

After leaving Preston, he halted for a

short time at Chorley, and then rode on, through Bolton-le-Moors, to Manchester, where he rested for the night, starting at an early hour next morning, and breakfasting at Macclesfield.

His horse bore him well, and brought him that night to Derby.

Thence he rode to Northampton, where he again rested; and on the fourth night, at a late hour, reached London, and put up at the "Queen's Head," in White Hart-yard, in the Strand, being well known by the landlord, Master Nicholas Prime, who was secretly a Jacobite, and could be trusted, his house being the rendezvous of the party.

V.

THE OLD PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

MUCH fatigued by his long journey, Walter did not rise till a late hour, and on entering the coffee-room found no one within it, except a waiter.

While ordering breakfast, he said that he wished to speak to the landlord, and Prime presently made his appearance.

After friendly salutations had passed between them, the landlord said:

"I heard that a gentleman had arrived last night, but did not know it was you,

sir. I recommend you to be extremely cautious," he addded, lowering his voice. "Our friends are not safe just now. Many arrests have been made since the great plot has been discovered, and many more are expected."

"I am quite aware of it, Prime," replied Walter, "though, for my own part, I believe there has been no plot at all. I feel certain the whole affair is invented by Lunt. But tell me, is he still in town?"

"He was here yesterday, sir," rejoined Prime. "Beware of him! He's a dangerous man."

"He's a great scoundrel, but I hope to prevent him from doing any more mischief."

"I heartily wish you success in your scheme, sir, and will lend you any assistance in my power."

"I knew I should find a friend in you,

Prime. But more at another opportunity."

Breakfast was here brought in by the waiter, and after partaking of it, Walter sallied forth, and proceeded along the Strand towards Charing Cross.

His good looks and fine tall figure attracted considerable attention, and several persons turned to look at him.

One of them—after watching him for a few moments—followed him at a distance.

Bestowing an admiring look at the noble equestrian statue at Charing Cross, Walter marched on to Whitehall, which now lay before him.

This vast and magnificent palace was then almost in the state in which it had been left on the sudden death of Charles II., having undergone no material alteration during the succeeding reign, and none

whatever since the accession of William and Mary.

It consisted of the palace—an immense building containing the royal apartments, the lodgings of the maids of honour, and those of the various officers of the household.

Connected with the palace were numberless lodgings and habitations belonging to the chief nobility—the principal Government officers—the great banqueting-house, which still exists—a smaller dining-hall—a beautiful chapel (both these being outside the palace)—a long and wide stone gallery—an extensive garden, charmingly laid out in square parterres, and adorned with statues—a large bowling green, where the Merry Monarch and his courtiers constantly amused themselves—a tennis-court, where the same personages frequently played—

and a cock-pit, to which they almost daily resorted.

Despite its irregularity and want of uniformity, Whitehall, whether viewed from the river—whence its full extent could be seen, though not its finest buildings—or from the beautiful gate designed by Holbein, by which it was approached, presented a most striking and picturesque appearance.

Walter knew the old palace well, having long dwelt there in the halcyon days of his youth; and as he halted for a brief space to gaze upon it, he breathed a prayer that the monarch who had been driven from it, with his lovely queen and the young prince, might soon occupy it again.

While he was fervently expressing this wish, the individual who had followed him at a distance from the Strand came up, and

Walter's brow darkened as he recognised Lunt.

Either not noticing or not desiring to notice the young man's displeasure at the sight of him, Lunt raised his hat politely and said:

"Glad to see you in London, Captain Crosby. I thought you were still at Saint-Germain."

"I am surprised to find you here, sir," rejoined Walter, avoiding the question. "I suppose your great plot has failed, since the Tower has not yet been seized."

"Not so loud, if you please, sir," said Lunt. "We may be overheard. I should like to have some conversation with you. Will you take a turn with me in the Park?"

"I am engaged just now," said Walter, coldly.

"Stay a moment, sir!" cried Lunt.

"Tell me where you are lodging, and I will call upon you."

Walter made no answer to the inquiry, but quitted him abruptly.

"Confound the fellow's rudeness!" cried Lunt. "But he shall not 'scape me thus! He must have some business here. Possibly he may be about to turn informer. If so, he might interfere with me. I'll follow, and see where he goes!"

VI.

SIR JOHN TRENCHARD.

Unconscious that he was followed, Walter passed through a large gate at which two mounted guards were stationed, together with a couple of sentinels, and entered the principal court of the palace.

How well he remembered it! But it seemed far less lively than when he was a page. Then it was always thronged with richly-dressed courtiers and their attendants, but now comparatively very few persons could be seen moving about, and

the palace itself looked dull, as if its glories had departed.

Glancing at the great banqueting-house as he passed it, he proceeded to the further side of the court, where the chief Government offices were then situated, and soon reaching the Treasury—a large building standing between the offices of the Lord Chamberlain and those of the Privy Council—mounted a flight of stone steps, and entered a vestibule, which communicated with a wide staircase and a lengthy corridor.

Addressing himself to one of the numerous ushers and messengers standing about, Walter was at once taken to Sir John Trenchard's offices, which were on the ground floor at the further end of the corridor.

The ante-room into which he was shown was occupied by clerks seated at desks; and

one of them, who seemed instantly to recognise him, offered to take his name to Sir John Trenchard—the secretary being fortunately disengaged at the time.

After a brief absence the clerk returned, and conducted him to an inner room, the windows of which looked out into the Privy Garden. Strange to say, there was a statue on a lofty pedestal of King James, immediately in front of them.

Sir John was alone, and seated at a table, with some papers before him.

A fine-looking man, about forty, very richly dressed in a claret-coloured coat, embroidered with gold, and wearing a long, flowing peruke, and a muslin neck-cloth, edged with Brussels lace. His large cuffs were likewise adorned with lace ruffles.

Sir John arose on Walter's entrance, and

courteously saluting him, begged him to be seated.

"This is not the first time we have met, Captain Crosby," he said. "I recollect you perfectly years ago, when you were esteemed the handsomest page in the service of His Majesty King Charles II. I also recollect you as an officer in King James's body-guard, and you certainly had not then lost your good looks, nor have you now."

"You flatter me, Sir John," rejoined Walter, smiling.

"Not at all," said Trenchard. "Since then I have heard a good deal about you, and I am told that very recently you saved your royal master from assassination at Saint-Germain. I hope you don't come to us for a reward for the action?" he added, in a slight tone of raillery.

"I claim no reward, Sir John," replied Walter; "and if I did, this is the last place I should come to for it."

"To what, then, am I to attribute the honour of this visit, Captain Crosby?" inquired Sir John, changing his tone. "If you have a proposition of any kind to make to me, I shall be happy to entertain it. I know you must have had abundant opportunities of obtaining information; and I think," he added significantly, "the information ought to be turned to account. Pray, have you been in Lancashire lately?"

"I have just come thence."

"Ah, indeed! Then you may be able to tell me something respecting the ever-plotting Jacobites and Romanists who reside in that favoured county?"

"I can add little to the information you have already received—as I understand—from Mr. Lunt."

"So you have heard about him? Ha! Mr. Lunt has told me a good deal, but we want to know more—especially concerning Colonel Tyldesley, Colonel Townley, Sir Rowland Stanley, Lord Molyneux, Mr. Walmsley of Dunkenhalgh, and others. These gentlemen have been very troublesome of late, and must be kept quiet."

"And you want me to help you, Sir John. What inducement do you hold out?"

"An ample reward."

"State the amount."

"In making a bargain, my dear Captain Crosby, you must not forget that you have voluntarily placed yourself in my hands. I might detain you. Nay," he added, hastily, "I have no such intention. You may rely on the liberality of the Government."

"No; that won't do, Sir John," said Walter. "A positive arrangement must be

made, and a sum agreed on—and it must be a large sum. I do not want an immediate answer," he added. "I will come again to-morrow at this hour, by which time you will probably have thought the matter over."

"Our arrangement must be quickly made," observed Trenchard. "We are about to arrest a dozen of these Lancashire gentlemen. I wish you would confer with Mr. Aaron Smith, Solicitor to the Treasury. You might settle the terms with him."

"I am quite willing to do so," replied Walter. "But I may fail to see him."

"I cannot go with you myself," said Trenchard; "but I will send for his confidential clerk, Mr. Cullenford."

So saying, he struck a silver bell placed on the table, and, in answer to the summons, a messenger instantly appeared.

"Bring Mr. Cullenford here without loss of time," said Trenchard.

"There will be no loss of time, Sir John," replied the messenger. "Mr. Cullenford is now in the ante-room."

"That is fortunate," replied Trenchard. "Let him come in."

Next minute, a very singular-looking personage entered the room.

Cunning and audacity were plainly depicted on Mr. Cullenford's countenance, but his manner was cringing and obsequious.

Short and stout, with a very red face, he was dressed in a square-cut coat of grey cloth, with a long-flapped waistcoat, stockings drawn above the knee, square-toed shoes, and a bob-wig.

While bowing very respectfully to Trenchard, Mr. Cullenford cast a scrutinising glance at Walter.

"Your servant, Sir John," he said. "You wish to see me, I understand?"

"Take this gentleman to your master. Say he comes from me, and will explain his business."

Mr. Cullenford bowed.

"Am I to know the gentleman's name?" he asked.

"Confidentially—yes. He is Captain Crosby."

"The same who saved King James's life at Saint-Germain?"

"The same."

"Is he about to turn informer?"

"That depends upon the sum offered him," observed Walter.

"Ay, tell your master he must settle the amount with Captain Crosby himself," said Trenchard.

"I will, Sir John," replied Mr. Cullen-

ford. "Please to come with me, sir," he added to Walter.

"I shall see you to-morrow," Captain Crosby," said Trenchard.

"Without fail, Sir John," replied Walter, bowing.

And he quitted the room with Mr. Cullenford.

VII.

MR. AARON SMITH, SOLICITOR TO THE TREASURY.

Mr. Aaron Smith's office stood on the right of a wide passage, leading from the outer court of the palace to Scotland Yard; rather a noisy situation, since the passage in question was much used, and the building faced the guard-house.

In one respect the office was convenient, since there was a ready access to it from the street, and no sentinels were stationed at the gate.

Mr. Cullenford was inclined to be com-

municative, and would have pointed out several important offices to Walter, but the latter soon convinced him that he knew as much about the place as the clerk himself did.

On their arrival at Mr. Aaron Smith's office, it turned out that the great solicitor was engaged, and Walter had to wait for more than half an hour before he could see him.

Mr. Aaron Smith had an unmistakable Jewish physiognomy, as was not surprising, since he belonged to a Hebrew family, his real name being Lazarus.

But he had long ago changed his faith, and professed to be a staunch Protestant. He had very prominent features, and black piercing eyes, which he fixed inquiringly on Walter as the young man was presented to him by Mr. Cullenford, who immediately afterwards retired.

It was evident from his manner that Mr. Aaron Smith was a very important personage in his own estimation, but he treated Walter with great politeness. In fact, he was over-civil.

"Glad to see you, Captain Crosby," he said. "You are the very person we want, and we cannot purchase your services too highly. I own I did not expect to obtain them, and was never more surprised than when Mr. Cullenford told me a few minutes ago that Sir John Trenchard had sent you here to arrange a matter of business with me."

"People change their principles in these days as they change their coats," said Walter. "Hitherto I have been a Jacobite."

"That is sufficiently notorious, sir," observed Mr. Smith. "I won't ask what has occasioned this sudden change of opinion,

but I presume you have been disappointed?"

"That is the fact, sir," replied Walter. "I have been greatly disappointed in my expectations, and when I heard that Lunt was to receive a very large sum for what he can tell, I thought I might do likewise."

"I am glad to find you have so quick an eye to your own interests, Captain Crosby," said the Treasury solicitor. "An opportunity now presents itself of making a large sum of money, and no one can blame you for taking advantage of it."

"I am not sure of that, sir," rejoined Walter. "I expect to be severely blamed."

"Pooh! never mind what people say," cried Mr. Smith; "your evidence will be far more valuable to us than Lunt's, who is a man of bad character, and likely to discredit the Government. Still he will answer our purpose."

"What do you give him, sir, may I ask?"

"Excuse me, Captain Crosby; I must decline to answer that question," said Mr. Aaron Smith.

"As you please, sir," rejoined Walter. "Your answer would not influence me in the slightest degree, since I have made up my mind as to the sum I shall require."

"And pray what sum do you require, Captain Crosby?" said Smith. "Let us come to the point without more ado."

"Ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed the Treasury solicitor, starting back in astonishment. "Bless my soul! That is considerably more than I expected—more, I think, than we shall feel disposed to give."

"Very well, sir," replied Walter; "then we need not discuss the matter further."

But Mr. Aaron Smith did not mean to part with him thus.

"Had we not engaged Lunt, the case would have been different," he said. "But we cannot get rid of him."

"Why not?" asked Walter.

"A bargain is a bargain," replied Smith.

"Well, pay him the money, and dismiss him," said Walter. "It will be your best course. You admit he will damage the Government."

"The matter requires consideration," said the Treasury solicitor. "I cannot decide now."

"I have an appointment with Sir John Trenchard for to-morrow morning," said Walter. "Perhaps you will talk the matter over with him in the interim."

"Such is my intention," replied Aaron

Smith. "We must come to a speedy understanding."

He then shook hands in a very friendly manner with Walter, and opened the door for him.

As Walter went forth, he met Mr. Cullenford, who seemed to be waiting for him.

"I hope you have arranged all to your satisfaction, Captain Crosby?" asked the clerk.

"I have arranged nothing as yet," replied Walter.

"Sorry to hear it," observed Mr. Cullenford. "But I see how it is. There is an obstacle that must be removed. I must speak to Mr. Smith myself. He cannot hesitate between you and Lunt."

"I should hope not," replied Walter, laughing.

Walter had not been gone many minutes, when who should enter the office but Lunt himself.

He looked very red in the face, and at once attacked Mr. Cullenford, whom he found in the waiting-room.

"I know who has just been here, and what he came for," cried Lunt.

"Well, who *has* been here?" was the surly rejoinder.

"Captain Crosby. I saw him come in, and I saw him go out; and I can tell what he has been saying and doing as well as if I had been present all the time. He wants to inform against his friends in Lancashire. He wants to make a bargain with your master. He wants to divide the reward with me. But he sha'n't—he sha'n't, I tell you! I won't allow it!" cried Lunt, striking the desk with his fist.

"I don't suppose your consent will be asked," rejoined Mr. Cullenford. "But I have yet to learn that any such proposition has been made to my master by Captain Crosby."

"I'm certain of it," rejoined Lunt. "What else did Captain Crosby come here for?"

"That I can't tell. You had better ask Mr. Smith."

"I will," replied Lunt; "and I'll tell him my mind at the same time. Be good enough to show me into his room, sir."

Mr. Cullenford would have objected, but unluckily Mr. Aaron Smith chanced to come out at the moment, and was, therefore, compelled to admit the unwelcome intruder.

Their conference lasted more than half an hour, and at the end of that time Lunt came forth, still looking very angry, and

said to Mr. Cullenford, in a menacing tone :

"I don't think Captain Crosby *will* go to Manchester!"

"Why not?" asked the clerk, curiously.

"You'll learn by and by," replied Lunt, as he quitted the office.

VIII.

CAPTAIN CROSBY IS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

WISHING to take a survey of the palace, where he had spent so many happy days, Walter re-entered the great court, and walked slowly round it, noticing each building as he passed along.

With the history of every house he was well acquainted. Not one but had some interesting reminiscences attached to it relating to the reign of the Merry Monarch. Here had lodged Killigrew—here Chiffinch—here Father Patrick—here Mrs. Kirke.

He had no difficulty in conjuring up these persons, for he had known them well.

After a brief halt, he went on, and came to the lodgings of the Countess of Castlemaine, to those of the Countess of Suffolk, and of the Countess of Falmouth; next to the queen's apartments—Charles II.'s queen, and those of the maids of honour—and what lovely creatures they were!

His survey likewise included the lodgings of the Lord Keeper, of the Lord Belcarris, of Lord Crofts, of the Earl of Peterborough, and twenty others whom he well remembered.

With mixed feelings he gazed at those buildings where so many distinguished persons of both sexes had resided.

In King Charles II.'s time Whitehall was at its zenith. It was the abode of bril-

Yeomen of the Guard and the barge-master standing near it—prepared for the queen.

The weather was delightful, and exactly suited for such an excursion.

Sighing to think how many a pleasant trip in such a superb bark he had taken in former days on the river, Walter was about to beat a hasty retreat, when he perceived a splendid party close at hand, preceded by an officer of the guard, and attended by several lacqueys in the royal livery, and could not doubt that the proud-looking and splendidly-attired lady, with the Lord Chamberlain walking beside her, and Sir John Trenchard behind, was the queen.

It was now too late to retire, and drawing back in some confusion, Walter made her majesty a profound reverence.

Struck by his appearance, the queen inquired his name.

The Earl of Nottingham could not tell her, but Sir John Trenchard immediately stepped forward and gave her the requisite information.

Her majesty seemed greatly surprised, looked at Walter again with marked curiosity, and desired Sir John Trenchard to present him to her.

Sir John obeyed, and Walter, on his presentation, was very graciously received.

"I did not expect to see you here, Captain Crosby," said the queen. "I thought you were at Saint-Germain. I heard of a noble action recently performed by you there."

"I only did my duty, gracious madam," said Walter, bowing.

"Your majesty ought to know that

Captain Crosby has left Saint-Germain," observed Trenchard, significantly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the queen. "I should like to have some conversation with him. Bring him to Kensington Palace to-morrow."

"At what hour, madam?" inquired Sir John.

"At noon," replied the queen. "I shall expect you, Captain Crosby," she added, to him.

Walter bowed deeply.

As the queen descended the stairs, the Earl of Nottingham, who had taken no part in the previous discourse, gave her his hand, and conducted her to the barge.

Sir John Trenchard followed, but did not embark, and presently came up the stairs again.

He found Walter where he had left him,

and told him her majesty was gone to Greenwich.

"You are a fortunate man, Captain Crosby," he added, with a smile, "and it will be your own fault if you do not speedily rise. Her majesty has decidedly taken a fancy to you."

"You are pleased to compliment me, Sir John," observed Walter.

"Nay, it is the truth," said Trenchard. "You must have perceived it yourself. I never saw her so gracious to any one before. I wonder what her majesty has got to say to you. When I quitted her just now she charged me not to neglect to bring you to Kensington Palace to-morrow. Come to the Treasury at eleven o'clock."

"Gladly, Sir John," replied Walter. "But I have settled nothing as yet with Mr. Aaron Smith."

"So I understand," said Trenchard. "A difficulty has arisen. Shortly after you left Mr. Smith's offices, Lunt made his appearance, having ascertained, by some means or other, that you had been there, and guessing your business, he at once told Mr. Smith that he would not agree to act with you, and if any attempt was made to dismiss him, he would resent it. His conduct appears to have been very violent, and I think Mr. Smith ought to have got rid of him at once. But he did not. The occurrence is vexatious, but in my opinion you have no reason to regret it. Something unforeseen may happen to-morrow, and we had better wait till your interview with the queen has taken place. You may not care to be mixed up with these proceedings against the Jacobites. But, should you decide to go on with us,

I will dismiss Lunt. I ought, perhaps, to add, that I have not yet seen him, nor shall I see him if he comes to me. That I promise you."

"Enough, Sir John," rejoined Walter. "I will be with you at the appointed time to-morrow. Till then, adieu."

IX.

CAPTAIN STAMP AND CAPTAIN STAINER.

On quitting Whitehall, Walter returned to the "Queen's Head," and entering the coffee-room, ordered dinner and a pint of wine, which were served in due time.

He had finished his meal, and was sipping his sack, when two persons came in, and after looking round the room, seated themselves at a table opposite him, and bade the waiter bring a bottle of claret.

Both these individuals wore laced scarlet coats, jet-black perukes, high boots, and

feathered hats, but did not look like gentlemen.

Before sitting down they unbuckled their swords, and placed them beside their hats —rather ostentatiously, Walter thought.

They talked loudly, and their voices were as coarse and unpleasant as their manners.

Walter inquired from the waiter if he knew them, and was informed they were Captains Stamp and Stainer; but he afterwards learned from the landlord that they had no military rank, but were two professional bullies, who frequented gambling-houses, and picked up a living as they could.

"I don't like 'em, sir," said Prime, "and wouldn't let 'em into the coffee-room, if I could help it, but I might do myself a mischief by refusing 'em. Don't let 'em pro-

voke you, sir, whatever you do; that's all I have to say."

"I'll do my best to keep my temper," rejoined Walter. "But I fancy they have been making some impertinent observations about me, and if they persist I shall certainly chastise them. To enable me to do so, lend me a stick."

"Better keep quiet, sir!—better keep quiet!"

"I will, if I can," said Walter.

Prime quitted the room, and presently returned with a good stout cudgel, which Walter laid on the table beside him, to be ready on occasion.

The sight of the cudgel seemed to produce a salutary effect on Captains Stamp and Stainer, for they ceased to make any impertinent remarks on Walter, and addressed themselves to the claret.

They had just finished the bottle when Lunt entered the coffee-room.

He took no notice whatever of Walter, and at once joined the two bullies, who seemed to expect him.

"You are late, Mr. Lunt," cried Stamp. "We have already got through one bottle, as you see."

"And should have disposed of a second without you, had you not made your appearance," said Stainer.

"I had an engagement," replied Lunt, in an apologetic tone, "but I got away as soon as I could. Here, waiter, bring another bottle of claret and clean glasses."

The order was expeditiously obeyed by Prime himself.

"Bumpers, if you please," said Lunt, filling his own glass to the brim. "I've got a toast to propose to you."

The injunction was readily obeyed.

"Now, for the toast!" cried Stamp.

"We must drink it standing," cried Lunt. "It is a toast that will be drunk by every loyal gentleman present. I give you the health of His Majesty King William III., and confusion to his enemies!"

Every glass in the room, except Walter's, was instantly filled; and everybody, except Walter, got up.

"Do you refuse to drink the toast, sir?" vociferated Stamp.

"Fill your glass, sir, at once, and stand up!" roared Stainer.

Still Walter kept his seat.

"The fellow must be a Jacobite!" cried Lunt, amid general confusion.

"By Heaven! you shall drink the toast, or I'll pour the wine down your throat!" cried Stamp, snatching up his sword, and striding towards him.

"Touch me at your peril!" cried Walter, striking him on the arm with the cudgel, and causing him to drop his sword.

Lunt and Stainer rushed to their friend's assistance, and a conflict would have taken place, in which Walter must have got the worst of it, had not the landlord, the waiter, and several of the guests interfered, and enabled the young man to quit the room.

Walter did not, however, neglect to take the cudgel with him, thinking he should be assailed outside.

He remained in the inn yard for nearly ten minutes, but, contrary to his anticipation, neither Lunt nor his friends came forth.

The only person who made his appearance was the landlord.

"You've acted very foolishly, Captain Crosby; excuse my saying so," observed

Prime. "You ought to have drunk that toast, however objectionable it might be to you."

"Yes; I feel I did wrong to refuse it," rejoined Walter. "But I could not stand Lunt's insolence, and I felt he meant to provoke me."

"Well I've got him and the two bullies quiet now," said Prime; "but you mustn't return till they've left the house, or we shall have another disturbance, worse than the first."

"What time do you think they will leave?" asked Walter.

"I'll take care they are gone by nine o'clock," said Prime.

"Very well; then I won't return till half-past," rejoined Walter. "Here's your cudgel. It has done me good service. And now bring me my sword. You'll find it in my bedroom."

Prime took the cudgel, and hurried off, returning in a minute or two with the sword, which Walter put on.

It was a very fine evening, and the young man proceeded to Saint James's Park, where he strolled about, and amused himself as well as he could for a couple of hours.

He then quitted the park, and entering Pall Mall, sauntered slowly along.

It had now become nearly dark; and just as he reached Cockspur-street nine o'clock was tolled forth by Saint Martin's Church.

Keeping to his promise, he allowed half an hour more to elapse before he entered the yard of the "Queen's Head."

By this time it had become quite dark, and as there was not a lamp in the yard, he could scarcely distinguish the coaches

and other vehicles standing in a large open shed on the right.

As he advanced, he thought he heard a noise in the shed; and stopping to listen, these words, though uttered in a low voice, reached his ear:

"'Tis he! We have him now!"

Believing the voice to be Lunt's, who he knew was capable of any villany, he instantly drew his sword, and stood upon his guard.

He might have called for assistance from the house, but he thought he could protect himself.

Next moment, a dark figure issued from the shed, and a thrust was made at him with a sword, which he avoided by springing quickly aside, and delivered a thrust in return.

He felt sure he had wounded his assail-

ant, for he heard a sword fall on the pavement.

It became evident that this was an attempt at assassination, when two other persons rushed forth from the shed, sword in hand, and attacked him.

Walter defended himself as well as he could; but finding the odds against him, he shouted out lustily.

In answer to his cries, two ostlers appeared from the stables which were at the bottom of the yard, each carrying a lantern.

At the same time Prime and his servants came out of the house.

But before any of them reached the spot where the fight had taken place, Walter's assailants had decamped.

Fortunately, the young man had sustained no injury.

Just when the affray was over, and too late to be of any use, a watchman and two link-boys entered the yard.

They offered to go in pursuit of the ruffians, but their services were not accepted.

Hearing that a sword had been dropped, they searched about, but could not find it, and it was clear the wounded man had picked it up.

However, there was a good deal of blood on the ground, showing the rascal had been rather severely hurt.

When the landlord asked Walter if he meant to take any steps to bring the would-be assassins to justice, he replied in the negative.

"I sha'n't trouble myself any more about the affair," he said. "The villains have been punished sufficiently."

X.

QUEEN MARY.

NEXT morning Walter repaired to Whitehall at the appointed time.

He found a handsome carriage at the door of the Treasury chambers, and concluded it must be Sir John Trenchard's. Nor was he mistaken. Sir John came out of his office almost immediately, and saluting him in a very friendly manner, begged him to step into the carriage, and followed himself, after directing the coachman to drive to Kensington Palace.

The route taken was through St. James's Park, past Buckingham House, and along the new road, through Hyde Park, recently laid out by King William, and regarded as a great improvement, since it had fine lamp-posts placed at regular distances on either side—a novelty then in the metropolis, where the streets were very badly lighted.

As the two gentlemen were driven at a rapid pace, they soon arrived at the great gates of the palace, and passing through them, drove on.

Kensington Palace, the favourite residence of William III., had been purchased by that monarch from the Earl of Nottingham, and greatly enlarged—indeed, partly rebuilt—under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, then surveyor-general.

Kent, the artist and architect, was likewise employed in the internal improve-

ments of the structure, and the grand staircase—a really fine work—was designed by him.

Kensington Palace owed much of its internal decorations to the taste of Queen Mary, who attended to it during the absence of her royal consort in his campaigns in Flanders, and carefully carried out his designs, so far as she understood them.

The gardens also were greatly enlarged by her majesty, and laid out in the Dutch mode to please the king, who preferred that formal style.

It is singular that this should have been so, since Kent, who was at that time employed upon the palace, was the creator, according to Walpole, of the art of landscape-gardening, and must have had some influence with his royal mistress. However,

Queen Mary's great desire was to please her husband.

Eventually, the gardens, which were very large, being more than three miles in extent, became the great attraction of the palace. Though a fine building, it decidedly wanted grandeur, and could not for a moment compare with Saint James's, Whitehall, Windsor, or even Hampton Court.

Such, however, was not Walter Crosby's opinion.

As he drove to the palace along a road shaded by magnificent trees, he thought it presented a very imposing appearance, and expressed an opinion to that effect to Sir John Trenchard, who seemed to agree with him, and recommended him to tell her majesty how much he admired the building.

Very little conversation had taken place between the two gentlemen during the

drive. Sir John appeared rather thoughtful, and talked only on general matters.

But they were now at the palace, and, alighting in the base-court, passed through a noble portico, where several of the royal servants were standing to receive them—proving they were expected—and entered a long corridor, leading to the great staircase, which, we have just stated, was designed by Kent, who had likewise painted the walls and ceiling in a most admirable manner.

While mounting the black marble steps, they were informed by the usher who conducted them that her majesty was in the long gallery—an intimation received by both with a slight bow.

And now a word about the queen before we enter the royal presence.

Mary was just thirty-two at the time of our story, and it might naturally be sup-

posed had many years of power and splendour before her. But a different decree was written in the Book of Fate, and only a few months more were left her.

Her early death had been predicted; but it did not seem in the slightest degree probable, since her health was perfect, and she had no great anxieties—none, at least, that were known — weighing upon her mind.

Still comparatively young, Mary had been full seventeen years a wife, for she was married to the Prince of Orange in 1677, when only fifteen; and though he was not a person to inspire profound affection, her devoted attachment to him had never cooled. Their union, we need scarcely say, was not blessed with children.

In proof of the queen's love for her royal consort, we may cite a letter written by her to him in 1690:

"I have really hardly had time to say my prayers, and was fain to run away to Kensington, where I had three hours of quiet, which is more than I have had together since I saw you. The place made me think how happy I was when I had your dear company; but now——I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes, which I shall want more now than ever. Adieu! Think of me and love me, and love me as much as I shall you, whom I love more than my life."

Mary had lost none of her charms; indeed she was in the very meridian of her beauty. She was tall, and her person was full, but not too full, and retained all its youthful grace. Her countenance was a charming oval, and her features delicately and beautifully formed, and wearing a most amiable expression. Her luxuriant tresses

were light brown in colour. Her manner was exceedingly gracious and condescending, yet never wanting in dignity.

On reaching the head of the great staircase, where more attendants were stationed, the usher took Sir John Trenchard and his companion into the first of the state apartments, which communicated with all the others—the gallery, whither they were proceeding, being the last of the suite.

The room, Walter did not fail to observe, was hung with fine tapestry, representing Diana hunting the wild boar, and over the chimney-piece was a picture by Guido Reni.

In the second room, the ceiling of which was painted by Kent, were some remarkable portraits by Holbein and Vandyke, with portraits by Sir Peter Lely of King William and Queen Mary when Prince aud Princess of Orange.

Passing through three other rooms, adorned by paintings by Titian, Raphael, Annibal Caracci, Holbein, Vandyke, Verrio, and Sir Peter Lely, they entered the long gallery, at the further end of which they perceived the queen seated on a fauteuil, and attended by Lady Fortescue.

This splendid room was likewise hung with portraits by the best masters, and formed an historical gallery, commencing with Henry VIII., by Holbein.

In the collection there was a portrait by Sir Peter Lely of James II. when Duke of York, and almost the last addition made to it was a painting of the reigning monarch and his queen in their coronation robes, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The queen, who looked very well, was attired in a morning dress of white satin, embroidered with lace, but not otherwise ornamented; and her beautiful tresses,

which were raised from the brow in large rolling curls, and hung down at the back, were without powder.

Lady Fortescue, a very fine woman, was much more richly dressed than her majesty —and wore a tall commode that increased her height.

Both regarded Walter with interest as he came along the room, and Lady Fortescue remarked to the queen:

"Captain Crosby is certainly as handsome as your majesty represented him."

The usher having done his devoir, both gentlemen bowed profoundly to the queen, and Sir John Trenchard formally presented Walter to her majesty, by whom he was as graciously received as on the previous occasion.

Presently the queen arose and signifying to the young man that she wished to have some conversation with him, walked slowly

along the gallery, while he respectfully attended her.

Lady Fortescue and Sir John Trenchard remained where they were.

"This is a puzzle to me," observed Sir John.

"I can explain it," replied Lady Fortescue. "Her majesty wants to talk to Captain Crosby about her royal father. She has been much troubled by the attempt recently made on his life."

"Oh, now I understand!" said Trenchard. "I wonder it didn't occur to me."

XI.

A DISCOVERY.

Not till she had nearly reached the further end of the long apartment, and stationed herself in the recess of a window where she was screened from observation by a high cabinet, did the queen break silence.

As she addressed Walter, her manner seemed totally changed.

"You have preserved the king, my father's life, Captain Crosby," she said,

with great earnestness; "and I thank you —thank you from my heart!"

"What you say is highly gratifying to me, madam," replied Walter. "But I scarcely expected it from your majesty."

"You share the common opinion, I perceive, that I have no love for my father," rejoined Mary. "But you are mistaken. I have the strongest affection for him. Next to the king, my husband, he is the person I love best on earth."

"I do not for a moment doubt what you tell me, gracious madam," said Walter. "But you must pardon me if I venture to say that your conduct is at variance with your words."

"I do pardon you, sir," replied the queen; "and I thank you for speaking to me freely. But tell me, and I charge you to speak the truth, does my father believe

that his assassination was planned by the king, my husband?"

"The assassin confessed as much, madam," replied Walter.

"Then he confessed what is false," cried Mary, indignantly. "King William is incapable of such a foul act!"

"So I fully believe, madam," replied Walter. "Indeed, I think your royal father acquits him."

"I thank you for giving me that assurance, sir," said Mary. "You have taken a great weight from my breast. I know my royal father thinks me ungrateful. I know he regards the king, my husband, as his worst enemy, but I would not have him believe that either of us, or both, would conspire his death."

While speaking thus, the queen's excitement increased, and she added:

"You are entitled to hear the truth, and

I will unburthen my heart to you. I confess I have suffered much for what I have done. But I cannot undo it."

"Wherefore not, gracious madam?" said Walter. "'Tis not too late to repair the wrong."

"Impossible!" cried the queen, in a despairing tone. "But I dread Heaven's anger."

"Would I could offer your majesty comfort!" said Walter, much moved, and unable to doubt the queen's sincerity. Am I at liberty to repeat to your august father what you have just said to me?"

"You are, sir," replied the queen. "But to none other save him."

"On that your majesty may depend," said Walter, earnestly.

"I do not think I shall ever behold my father again," said Mary; "so that I may not receive a pardon from his lips."

"I hope it may be otherwise, madam," rejoined Walter.

"No," she said with a shudder; "I have had a warning."

"A warning?" exclaimed Walter. "I do not understand your majesty."

"I have been told that I shall not see another year."

From her manner it was evident she believed the truth of what she said.

"This warning must have come from an enemy, madam," observed Walter.

"No; from one in whom I have perfect faith," rejoined the queen. "I would fain die in peace with all. But most of all I desire my father's forgiveness; obtain it for me if you can. Should you behold him again, as you may,—pray him to think of the child he loved so fondly, and to forgive the offending woman for that child's sake.

I shudder to think he may have pronounced a malediction on my head."

"Do not think so, madam," said Walter. "In spite of all that has occurred, I believe—nay, I am certain—that your royal father loves you."

"Ah, I hope it is so!" she cried. "Opposite us is my father's portrait. Whenever I have regarded it of late, it has seemed to frown upon me."

"This is mere imagination, madam," said Walter, who, however, was much struck by what she said.

"I dare not raise my eyes towards it," observed the queen. "But tell me how it looks?"

"There is no frown upon the king's countenance, madam," replied Walter. "On the contrary, it wears a smile. Your majesty can satisfy yourself."

"I am right," rejoined the queen, glancing at the portrait, but instantly averting her gaze. "It frowns upon me still."

On recovering herself by a great effort, the queen said :

"I will not question you about your plans, because I am sure you have been—perhaps are still—connected with the Lancashire Jacobites. But I refuse to believe that you intend to betray your friends, and I therefore conclude you have some design in what you are now doing. Speak to me without fear."

"Your majesty has guessed the truth," repeated Walter. "I have no intention of betraying my friends. I have acted as I have done in order to serve them, and thwart the designs of villains and traitors, by one of whom, named Lunt, my life was last night attempted."

"I have heard Sir John Trenchard speak of this Lunt, and deeply regret that he has been compelled to employ such a person. Now, believe what I am going to tell you. The moment I beheld you I comprehended your scheme. I felt sure you would never betray your friends. Your nature is too noble. I cannot account for the interest I feel in you. Mistake me not; it is the interest of a sister for a brother."

"Oh, madam! you touch me deeply!" exclaimed Walter. "Has aught reached your ears respecting me?"

"How mean you?" she cried, greatly surprised.

"Your kindness to me emboldens me to speak plainly," he said. "Has it ever been hinted to your majesty that I am King James's son?"

"Never!" she rejoined, regarding him earnestly. "But if this is so, it may ac-

count for the singular interest I have taken in you."

"It is the truth, madam," he rejoined. "I am King James's son as much as the Duke of Berwick is his son, though I have not been publicly acknowledged. But the king has privately owned me as his son, and Queen Mary of Modena is aware of the fact, and has always treated me with the greatest kindness. I trust I have not presumed upon her goodness, but I have never asked a favour from her that she has not granted."

"This explains something I have heard," said Mary. "It will not surprise you to learn that I have secret information from the Court of Saint-Germain — just as I doubt not Queen Mary of Modena has information from our Court — and I have heard that, through your interest, Beatrice

Tyldesley was made one of her majesty's maids of honour."

"You have heard the truth, madam," replied Walter. "Queen Mary of Modena immediately acceded to my request."

"Had I known as much as I know now," said the queen, "and you had preferred a similar request to me, I would have granted it."

Walter bowed gracefully.

"You love Beatrice, I suppose?" asked the queen.

"Better than my life!" he replied.

"Then feel assured she shall be yours. I promise her to you. But what do I say? I may not live."

"Madam, I entreat you to dismiss these fears," said Walter. "There can be no reason for them. After what has just passed between us, it shall be my earnest

endeavour to bring about a good understanding between the king your father and yourself, and I trust I may succeed. I think I shall."

"I hope it may be so," said the queen. "And since I have made this strange discovery it seems to me that Heaven will no longer turn a deaf ear to my prayers. I need not despair since I have found a brother."

"Ah, madam, I owe you much for that acknowledgment!" cried Walter.

"You know how to pay the debt," replied the queen. "But our interview must terminate, though I have much more to say to you. You must come to me again."

"I am about to return to Lancashire, madam," he rejoined.

"Nay, you must come, brother—you must—I command you!"

Walter seemed penetrated to the heart

by this renewed acknowledgment, and said:

"I will obey you behest, madam."

The queen then returned to that part of the room where she had left Lady Fortescue and Sir John Trenchard, both of whom rose at her approach.

"I thank you much for bringing Captain Crosby to me, Sir John," she said. "I have had a very interesting conversation with him. Before you depart, I should like to have a word with you."

At this intimation the others withdrew to a little distance.

"Are you aware, Sir John, of the reason why Captain Crosby is so great a favourite with the king, my father?"

"Madam, I have heard a reason assigned for King James's partiality for him," he replied, "but I did not know it had reached your majesty's ears."

"Yes; and, for the same reason, I take an interest in him," rejoined the queen.

"I am very glad to hear it, madam," said Trenchard.

"You will now understand why I wish to place him under your protection, Sir John," said the queen. "Keep him out of danger, and serve him if you can."

"You may rely upon it, madam, I will do my best for him," said Trenchard. "I told him he was fortunate, but I did not say *how* fortunate. Has your majesty aught more to say to him?"

"Not now," replied the queen.

Sir John then made her a profound obeisance, and prepared to depart.

Thereupon Walter came forward, and likewise bowing deeply, kissed the hand which her majesty graciously extended to him.

The queen's gaze followed him to the

door, and she heaved a sigh as he disappeared.

"I hope your majesty is satisfied with the young man?" inquired Lady Fortescue.

"Perfectly," replied the queen. "He is the king my father's son."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the countess; "it does not surprise me."

As they drove back to Whitehall, Sir John Trenchard congratulated Walter on the favourable impression he had produced on the queen, and repeated what he had previously said, that it would be Captain Crosby's own fault if he did not soon obtain preferment at Court.

They parted at the entrance of the Treasury chambers, and Sir John begged him to come there next morning, as he might have something important to communicate to him.

"I am now going to send for Mr. Aaron

Smith," he added, as I shall have to consult with him. Adieu till to-morrow."

Walter scarcely knew what to think, or how to act; but he fully resolved that nothing should induce him to desert King James.

"Whatever happens, I will be true to him," he thought. "He has the first claim upon me."

XII.

HOW COLONEL PARKER AND DOCTOR BROMFIELD WERE ARRESTED.

BEFORE going back to the "Queen's Head," Walter took a turn in St. James's Park, and on arriving at the inn he was informed by the landlord that two persons had just been inquiring for him, and were now in the coffee-room.

"You needn't be afraid of the gentlemen," said Prime; "I'll answer for them both."

Walter would rather no one had called

on him at this juncture, being afraid of getting mixed up in some fresh plot; and his uneasiness was by no means diminished when he found that the two gentlemen who wanted to see him were no other than Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield, the latter being still in his quaker's garb.

After friendly greetings had passed between them, Colonel Parker said:

"We have only just heard you were here, and came immediately to see you. Is it true you have got some plan to thwart that treacherous villain Lunt's design against us? If so, we may be able to help you."

"I thank you, colonel," replied Walter; "but difficulties have arisen that I did not anticipate, and I fear I shall be obliged to abandon my plan."

"I hope not," said Doctor Bromfield. "But we have a scheme of our own that

we want to impart to you. Come and sit down, and let us have a bottle of claret as an excuse."

Walter took a seat by them, as requested, and the claret was brought by Prime.

As he placed the bottle and glasses on the table the landlord gave Walter a furtive glance, the import of which was not very clear at the moment, though it soon afterwards became intelligible.

The party were putting their heads together, and discussing various plans in a low tone, when Mr. Aaron Smith entered the coffee-room.

All three knew him, and he knew all three.

Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield were not without apprehension that the visit of the solicitor to the Treasury meant mischief to themselves.

But they were greatly surprised when

Aaron Smith stepped up to the table, and said to Walter, in a very familiar manner:

"I thought you would have called at my office on your return from Kensington, Captain Crosby."

Both Parker and Bromfield stared at this remark.

"I had made no appointment with you," replied Walter, trying to hide his embarrassment.

"No; but I expected you nevertheless," said Aaron Smith. "May I ask if you saw her majesty?"

"I do not see what right you have to put that question to me, sir," said Walter, "and I decline to answer it."

"As you please," observed Aaron Smith. "I have no motive, except simple curiosity. But I shall be glad to hear you have been successful."

"I have been quite as successful as I expected to be," said Walter.

"You seem annoyed at my asking you these simple questions," said Aaron Smith. "But it is not my intention to give you offence; nor did I come here in quest of you; but seeing you, I addressed you, that is all."

And bowing stiffly, he quitted the coffee-room, leaving Walter very much annoyed, and the others very much surprised at what had occurred.

"I was not aware you had been to Kensington Palace, Captain Crosby," observed Colonel Parker. "Is it true?"

"It is," replied Walter. "I cannot give you any explanation just now. Whatever he may say, Mr. Smith must have had some motive for coming here. His visit cannot concern me, for I am in no danger; but it may concern you."

"I think we had better be gone without delay," said Doctor Bromfield.

"I am decidedly of that opinion," observed Walter. "I cannot be of any use, or I would go with you. Leave me to settle with the landlord."

The two gentlemen were just getting up, with the intent to depart, when Mr. Cullenford suddenly entered the coffee-room, and marched straight to the table, followed by a couple of officers, both of whom were armed.

"I have long been looking for you, gentlemen," said Mr. Cullenford; "and at last I have found you. I hold a warrant for your arrest, signed by six of the Privy Council — the Earls of Nottingham and Shrewsbury, Sir Robert Howard, Sir Henry Capel, Mr. Richard Hampden, and Mr. Boscowen. I have also a warrant for your

detention in Newgate, signed by the Lords Carmarthen, Halifax, and Russell."

"What offences are we charged with?" demanded Colonel Parker.

"With treasonable practices," replied Cullenford. "You will be taken to Newgate, and strictly searched. We shall see what comes out when you are examined. I am told it is a great plot. We have three witnesses against you—John Lunt, John Womball, and Cuthbert Wilson."

"Three arch villains," cried Colonel Parker. "There is no chance of a rescue," he added, in a low tone, to Doctor Bromfield.

"No," replied the other; "but I feel certain I can procure our immediate liberation."

"Resistance will be quite useless, so I advise you not to make it," said Mr. Cullen-

ford. "I have a coach in the yard, which will convey you comfortably and quietly to Newgate."

"Well, we had best go," said Doctor Bromfield. "You are lucky to be out of this scrape," he added to Walter.

"If this should turn out to be Lunt's plot, you can both prove you were at Saint-Germain at the time," said Walter.

"We can," rejoined Parker.

"Let them manage their own affairs, Captain Crosby," said Mr. Cullenford, significantly. "They are quite able to do so."

"We can call him as a witness, if required," said Dr. Bromfield; "and we very likely shall."

"Come, gentlemen, you must get into the coach," said one of the officers. "We can't wait here any longer."

The prisoners were then taken out.

No one was allowed to enter the yard,

and the landlord had been strictly enjoined by Mr. Aaron Smith to keep everything quiet while the arrest was effected, and the prisoners removed.

So no disturbance occurred.

End of Book the Second.

Book the Third.

THE JACOBITE TRIALS AT MANCHESTER.

I.

COLONEL TYLDESLEY DEPARTS FOR FENWICK TOWER.

About ten days after Walter's first visit to Kensington Palace, Colonel Tyldesley and Beatrice, with Father Johnson, walked forth one fine evening in the park belonging to Myerscough Lodge.

Their discourse was not very cheerful, for the prospects of the Jacobite party throughout the county instead of brightening, became more and more gloomy.

However reluctant Colonel Tyldesley might be to fly, it seemed certain he would

be obliged to abandon his house, and take refuge in France.

That he should be accompanied by several friends, and amongst others by Colonel Townley, in some degree reconciled him to the measure, but he was almost heart-broken. He missed Walter very much, and longed for his return.

Beatrice was equally unhappy—perhaps more so.

She had heard nothing of Walter since his departure, and her breast was filled with misgivings. Sometimes she feared he was imprisoned and could not return, but Father Johnson enabled her to banish that notion.

On the evening in question, Colonel Tyldesley and the priest extended their walk beyond the limits of the park, but Beatrice returned alone, and as she approached the hall, she descried a horseman

near the bridge over the moat, and knew it at once to be Walter.

He perceived her at the same time, and, springing from his steed, gave the bridle to Hornby, who had run forth to meet him, saying at the same time:

"Excuse me now, my good Hornby, if I do not stay to greet you as I ought, and as I desire to do, but I must haste to Miss Tyldesley, whom I see yonder."

"Certainly, sir; and I wouldn't detain you a minute," replied Hornby. "But just let me say how glad I am to see you back safe and sound."

"Thank you, my good fellow—thank you, most heartily!" cried Walter.

And he then hurried off, leaving Hornby to take care of his valise, and all he had brought with him.

When Beatrice saw Walter hastening to-

wards her, she stood still beneath an oak-tree growing near the road, and a very affectionate meeting took place between them.

"You look as if you had succeeded in your errand, Walter," she cried.

"Yes, I have been successful, so far as I myself am concerned," he cried. "I have seen the queen!"

"The reigning queen?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes; I have seen her twice at Kensington Palace, and on both occasions she was exceedingly kind to me. I will not enter into all particulars now; but I must tell you that I accidentally met her majesty as she was about to embark in the royal barge at Whitehall Stairs, and she desired Sir John Trenchard to present me to her. Next day I was taken by Sir John to Kensington Palace, where I had a private inter-

view with her, during which she manifested the greatest kindness towards me. This may sound boastful, but it is not so. Two days after that, I was permitted another interview with her majesty, to take leave; and she was equally kind to me—perhaps more so than on the previous occasion."

"What you tell me delights me, Walter!" she cried. "But I am too much attached to Queen Mary of Modena to care much for your new queen."

"Still, apart from prejudice, I am sure you would be greatly interested in her, and pity her."

"Pity her, Walter?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Ay, pity her," he repeated. "She is very unhappy."

"How much I have been mistaken! I thought her utterly without feeling."

"She bitterly laments her undutiful

conduct towards the king, her father," said Walter.

"You amaze me! Undoubtedly, that is a redeeming feature in her character," rejoined Beatrice.

"I hope his forgiveness may be obtained," said Walter.

"It is not impossible," said Beatrice. "King James is so good—so kind—so forgiving, that he may even pardon her."

"I think he will," said Walter; "but let me ask you a question. Were she willing to make you one of her attendants, would you accept the offer?"

"No," replied Beatrice, decidedly; "I would not! I have no royal mistress but Queen Mary of Modena, and will serve no other! I shall go back almost immediately to Saint-Germain, and the colonel will accompany me."

"He cannot remain with safety here,"

said Walter. "Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield are already imprisoned, and a great number of arrests will speedily take place."

"But my dear cousin is very unwilling to leave his place, as you know, Walter; and since he finds he must go, and perhaps may never return, he has become very melancholy."

"It is the thought of leaving Myerscough that pains him," said Walter. "He will be all right when he gets to Saint-Germain. Perhaps he may be obliged to spend a few years abroad, but I am sure he will return in the end."

"Will you go with us, Walter?" inquired Beatrice.

"I cannot promise now. Possibly the colonel may wish me to remain here for a short time after his departure. Father Johnson will conduct you as safely as I

could. Sooner or later, I shall be at Saint-Germain."

They then proceeded slowly towards the house, conversing as they went, and had only just entered the hall, when they were followed by Colonel Tyldesley and the priest, who had heard of their arrival.

"How rejoiced I am to see you again, Walter!" cried the colonel, cordially grasping his hand. "I was sadly afraid some disaster had occurred to you."

"Yes," said Father Johnson; "news has just been brought me of the arrest of Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield, and I feared you might be involved with them."

"No; I have escaped arrest, and an attempt upon my life," replied Walter; "so I may deem myself singularly fortunate. But I have not been able to put a stop to Lunt's proceedings. You must be on your guard, colonel. Many of our friends in this

county are forthwith to be arrested, and you are among the list."

"I fear I shall be obliged to quit my house, and fly to France," groaned the colonel. "It is like death to me; but I see no other alternative."

"Nor I," replied Walter. "Above all things, you must avoid arrest."

The colonel then fell into a very despairing state, from which he was roused by the arrival of a mounted messenger, who brought him a letter from Colonel Townley.

This letter caused a complete change in his plans. In it Colonel Townley said, that instead of going to France, as he intended, he should set out next day for Northumberland, and spend a month or two in perfect retirement with Sir John Fenwick at Fenwick Tower.

"I hope my good friend, you will go

with me," wrote Colonel Townley. "Sir John Fenwick will be very glad to see you, and you can stay as long as you find it convenient. Come to me to-morrow morning, and we will set off to Fenwick Tower together. Leave your fair cousin Beatrice in charge of Myerscough Lodge. She will be in no danger with Father Johnson; and Mrs. Standish, who is here, will come to her to-morrow."

"Oh! if Mrs. Standish will stay with me, I shall not mind being left," said Beatrice.

"Since Mrs. Standish is coming, I can likewise stay and take care of you," said Walter. "I am now in no danger of arrest, as I have a safeguard from the queen."

Delighted with this prospect, which obviated the necessity of his immediate flight to France, Colonel Tyldesley wrote to his

friend to say that nothing could suit him better than the proposed arrangement; that he would be at Townley Hall in good time in the morning, fully prepared for the journey to Fenwick Tower, and that Beatrice, who did not mean to leave the Lodge, would be most happy to receive Mrs. Standish, and any other ladies who might choose to come.

With this missive the messenger rode back to Townley Park.

The colonel was early astir next morning, and Hornby received instructions from him, that, during his absence, he was to obey all Miss Tyldesley's orders.

"I'll do the best I can, colonel," replied the steward, "and I sincerely hope you'll come back to us safe and sound."

After breakfast, Colonel Tyldesley bade an affectionate farewell to Beatrice, and attended by a couple of grooms, each car-

rying a portmanteau and saddle-bags, and armed with pistols, set off to Townley Park, on his way to Fenwick Tower.

As he rode towards the gate he cast a mournful look back at the hall, almost doubting whether he should ever behold it again.

Beatrice was watching him from an upper window, and Hornby was standing near the bridge.

Walter was with the colonel, but only meant to accompany him for a few miles.

In fact, the usually stout-hearted gentleman was so much depressed, that he could scarcely hold any converse with his companion.

II.

ROGER DICCONSON.

ROUSING himself before he took leave of Walter, Colonel Tyldesley said, in a very grave tone, "I wish you to know what I have done. Before long, I fear, the estates of many of the oldest and best families in Lancashire will be sequestrated. I have done the best I can to preserve mine, but I have not alienated them to the Jesuits, as I have been advised to do. Should ought happen to me, Beatrice will be mistress of Myerscough. I have left the house to her,

with all my other possessions. In fact, she will be my sole heiress."

"I think you have done well, Colonel," said Walter. "But I hope you will escape all dangers, and dwell for many a year in the old mansion."

"I very much doubt it," rejoined the colonel, gloomily. "I would fain have taken Beatrice with me to Fenwick Tower, but she seems disinclined to go, and it is perhaps as well she should remain at the Lodge. She will have Father Johnson with her. And now farewell!"

"Farewell, colonel," said Walter. "I trust we shall soon meet again."

And turning round he put spurs to his horse, and galloped back, while Colonel Tyldesley rode on to Townley Hall.

On Walter's return to Myerscough,

Hornby told him Father Johnson wished to see him in his room immediately, and he repaired thither at once.

To his great surprise, he found the priest looking very cheerful.

"I have just received good news," said the father. "Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield are already out of Newgate."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed Walter. "But Doctor Bromfield can accomplish anything, and Colonel Parker is almost equally clever. I dare say we shall soon see them again in Lancashire!"

"They are already in Lancashire," replied the priest, "and I suspect are not very far off."

Struck by his manner, Walter regarded him inquiringly.

"Are they in this room?" he asked.

Father Johnson rose from his seat, pushed back the sliding panels, and the two gentlemen in question stepped forth.

Walter shook hands with them both very heartily.

"Little did I dream when we parted at the 'Queen's Head' under such disagreeable circumstances that we should meet again so soon," he said. "But how did you get out of Newgate, for I presume the turnkeys didn't set you free?"

"Fifty guineas did it," replied Doctor Bromfield.

"We left London at once," added Colonel Parker, "and came direct to Myerscough, feeling certain Colonel Tyldesley and Father Johnson would give us a hearty welcome."

"The colonel is now on his way to Fenwick Tower," said Walter.

"So I have already explained," observed Father Johnson. "But no matter; in his absence I am able to offer our good friends an asylum."

Just then a tap was heard at the door, and Hornby entered, to say that Miss Tyldesley would be very happy to see the gentlemen, and he added that Mrs Standish had just arrived, and had brought with her Mr. Roger Dicconson.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Doctor Bromfield. "Mr. Roger Dicconson is a great friend of mine, and a capital contriver of a plot."

"None better," observed Colonel Parker. "I dare say he has something on hand now."

The whole party was then conducted to the great hall by Hornby, where they found the new arrivals.

Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield were very kindly welcomed by Beatrice, and no introductions were necessary, since both were well known to Mrs. Standish and Roger Dicconson.

Though no longer young, Mrs. Standish was still handsome. She was richly dressed in black satin, with a long and tight stomacher, which gave a certain stiffness to her figure. Her high head-dress was covered by a black lace scarf, that streamed down over her shoulders. Her manner was amiable, but extremely formal.

Mr. Roger Dicconson was about forty, and had nothing very remarkable in his appearance. But notwithstanding his plain exterior and unpretending manner, he was perfectly well bred, and possessed a great deal of shrewdness. Like his elder brother, Mr. William Dicconson, of Wrightington,

with whom he resided, Roger was a strong Jacobite, and mixed up with all the plots then agitating the county.

At this particular juncture he was very anxious about his brother, who was threatened with arrest by the Government, and his object in coming to Myerscough was to consult with Captain Crosby, and he deemed himself exceedingly lucky in finding two other persons equally well qualified to give him advice.

Ere many minutes, this little knot of Jacobites withdrew to a bay window, where they could hold the conference so much desired by Roger Dicconson.

Without any preliminary observations, Mr. Dicconson said:

"A plan has occurred to me, gentlemen, that I should like to submit to you before attempting to put it in execution. I have ascertained from a Government spy, named

John Taffe—of whom I dare say you have heard—that, in the event of certain of our friends being arrested and brought to trial—as I fear they will be—the chief witness against them will be the treacherous scoundrel Lunt."

"Lunt has been hired for the purpose by Aaron Smith, Solicitor to the Treasury," observed Walter. "But pray proceed. Let us hear your plan?"

"I am informed by Taffe," pursued Roger Dicconson, "that Lunt is not personally acquainted with any of the gentlemen threatened with arrest except Colonel Tyldesley and Colonel Townley, who have sought safety in flight. He has never seen Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard, Sir Rowland Stanley, or Sir Thomas Clifton."

"Has he seen your brother, Mr. William Dicconson?" inquired Walter.

"No; nor has he ever set eyes on me,"

replied Roger. "He is also totally unacquainted with Mr. Bartholomew Walmsley, of Dunkenhalgh, Mr. Philip Langton, and Mr. William Blundell, who are to be brought to trial."

"And yet he is ready to give evidence against them," observed Doctor Bromfield. "This would be droll, were it not so serious."

"But he is quite confident he will make no mistakes," pursued Roger. "It shall not be my fault, however, if he does not. The rascal is now in Manchester, and staying at the 'Bull's Head,' where he is known as Nicholas Rigby. He means to engage some one to show him all his intended victims. I mean to be that person, and have got a letter of introduction to him from Taffe, which, I think, will enable me to accomplish my object. Of course I shall go to him in disguise, and under a feigned

name, and, if he will only give me the chance, I am certain I can easily impose on him."

"You intend to show him the wrong persons?" said Colonel Parker.

"Exactly," replied Roger. "I will make him believe that Sir William Gerard is Sir Rowland Stanley, and so on."

"Do you propose to take him to their houses?" inquired Doctor Bromfield.

"No; my brother has promised to bring them all to Manchester on some pretext," replied Roger.

"That will save time and trouble, and render success certain," said Walter. "When do you start for Manchester?"

"As soon as I can," replied Roger. "I have my disguise with me. Can you let me have a horse?"

"Yes," replied Walter. "I am sure Colonel Tyldesley would lend you one with

the greatest pleasure. Therefore, I will venture to act for him."

"Then I am quite ready," said Roger; "but I must first take leave of the ladies."

Walter then led him to Beatrice, who was conversing at the time with Mrs. Standish, and explained the reason of his sudden departure.

On learning the project, both ladies laughed very heartily, and sincerely hoped he might succeed in duping Lunt.

"If you do, you will deserve the thanks of all our party," said Beatrice. "You will punish an infamous rogue, and free several gentlemen from a great danger."

Walter then summoned Hornby, by whom Mr. Dicconson was taken to a dressing-room, and furnished with the portmanteau he had brought with him.

When he reappeared, he looked exactly like a respectable yeoman. Hat, boots, and

attire were precisely such as would have been worn by the individual represented.

While this change was being effected, a good strong horse was got ready by Walter's orders, so that no further delay occurred, and, ere half an hour more had elapsed, Roger Dicconson, or Peter Crompton, as he now chose to call himself, had started on his journey to Manchester, with his own dress and a few other articles in his saddle-bags.

After a long conference with Father Johnson and Dr. Bromfield, Mrs. Standish drove back to Standish Hall, but she promised to come over whenever Beatrice desired to see her.

III.

HOW LUNT WAS DUPED BY ROGER DICCONSON.

ROGER DICCONSON reached Manchester on the following evening, and, proceeding at once to the "Black Bull," in the market-place, very soon ascertained that Nicholas Rigby was staying in the house.

On entering the public room, or inn parlour as it was then called, he found Lunt seated by himself, with a bottle of sack before him.

Marching up to the table, Roger bowed, and, producing a letter, presented it to him, saying:

"From Mr. Taffe, sir."

After glancing at the contents of the letter, Lunt said:

"Your name, I find, is Peter Crompton?"

"It is, sir," replied the other. "I am a Lancashire man, and acquainted with all the important Jacobite gentlemen in the county. When I say acquainted, I mean that I know them all by sight, and could point them out to you."

"Exactly what I want," said Lunt. "Mr. Taffe tells me you may be trusted, and will be very useful to me. What payment do you require?"

"You won't think a couple of guineas a day too much, sir—eh?"

"Two guineas! that's a good deal," rejoined Lunt. "But I don't object to the amount, because I shall require particular attention to my orders."

"You may depend on that, sir," said Roger.

"Well, then, Peter," cried Lunt, in a patronising tone, "consider yourself engaged. Sit down and take a glass of wine."

"My service to you, sir!" said Roger, emptying the bumper poured out for him.

"I suppose Mr. Taffe has told you who I want to see?" observed Lunt.

"He mentioned a few names, sir," rejoined Roger. "Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard, Sir Rowland Stanley, and Sir Thomas Clifton — all notorious Jacobites."

"Yes; I want to see none but Jacobites," remarked Lunt.

"I won't ask whether you're a Jacobite yourself, Mr. Rigby; but I guess not."

"You're right," said Lunt.

"Something like Mr. Taffe—what they call a spy, eh?"

"Something of the sort," rejoined Lunt. "Do you happen to know Mr. Dicconson of Wrightington, Peter?"

"I rather think I do," replied Roger. "I know him intimately. I mean, I've often seen him, and can easily contrive that you shall see him, sir, if you desire it."

"Good!" said Lunt.

"And Mr.. Bartholomew Walmsley, of Dunkenhalgh," said Roger. "Are you curious about him, sir?"

"Very curious," cried Lunt. "I particularly wish to see Bartholomew Walmsley."

"Then rest easy, sir. You shan't be disappointed."

"I don't want to lose any more time," said Lunt. "We'll start on our tour of investigation to-morrow."

"Whom will you begin with?"

"Lord Molyneux."

"You won't have to go far to see his lordship, sir," remarked Roger.

"How's that?" asked Lunt.

"Why, he'll be here—here in this very room," replied Roger.

"Are you quite sure of what you assert?" said Lunt.

"Quite sure," replied Roger. "I've just been confidently informed that a Jacobite meeting will be held at this house to-morrow, and no doubt all the gentlemen you desire to see will attend it."

"Gadzooks! I hope it may be so," cried Lunt. "That would save a vast deal of trouble and expense. But why didn't you mention this at first, you sly rogue? Nay; don't be alarmed. I shan't break my engagement with you. You'll get your two guineas a day."

"I hope the meeting mayn't be put off,"

said Roger. "We shall learn positively in the morning, and can then arrange our plans."

Some other guests came into the room at this juncture, on which Roger arose, and, bidding Lunt good night, quitted the inn, and shaped his course towards the Collegiate Church, as the cathedral was then called.

As he expected, he found his brother, Mr. William Dicconson, in the churchyard, who informed him that he had seen the whole of the conspirators, and they had all promised to come to Manchester next day, and act as they might be directed.

This intelligence gave Roger the greatest satisfaction, and he began to feel confident of the success of his scheme.

Next morning he again met his brother near the church, and learnt from him that

most of their Jacobite friends had already arrived in the town, and would make their appearance at the right time.

Roger had now no misgiving; but, on the contrary, felt impatient to put his plan in execution.

After arranging everything with his brother, who undertook the management of the affair, he returned to the inn, and breakfasted with Lunt in the public room, telling him that the Jacobite meeting would certainly take place.

They were still seated together talking matters over, when a middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance, who wore a handsome riding-dress, boots, and cocked hat laced with silver, and had a riding-whip in his hand, entered the room, and looked about him.

"Is that one of them?" remarked Lunt,

struck by the appearance of the newcomer.

"That is Mr. Bartholomew Walmsley, of Dunkenhalgh," replied Roger.

"I fancied it might be," said Lunt. "He's just the man I pictured him."

In reality, it was Lord Molyneux.

To mystify Lunt more completely, Roger rose from his seat, and saluted the gentleman respectfully.

"I was not aware you had returned from France, Mr. Walmsley," he said.

"Yes; I have been back at Dunkenhalgh more than a week," replied the person addressed.

"I shan't forget him," observed Lunt, as Roger came back. "But who is this?" he added, as a very different-looking individual entered the room.

"Lord Molyneux," replied Roger.

"His lordship has by no means such

an air of nobility as the commoner," remarked Lunt.

Lunt was still studying the so-called Lord Molyneux's countenance, when a tall, handsome, richly-dressed personage came in.

"I think I can guess who that is," observed Lunt.

"Who do you say?" inquired Roger.

"Sir William Gerard," replied Lunt.

"Quite right," said Roger, chuckling to himself, for it happened to be Sir Rowland Stanley.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," said Lunt. "And I feel equally sure this is Sir Rowland Stanley," he added, as another richly-dressed person came in.

"Right again," said Roger. "You are surprisingly quick, sir. But you musn't forget the gentlemen's faces."

"I never forget a face I have once

seen," said Lunt, with great self-complacence.

"But I advise you to take particular notice of Sir Rowland Stanley."

"No need to do so," replied Lunt. "His face is fixed indelibly on my memory. Besides, Sir Rowland is not so tall as Sir William Gerard. But who are these?" he added, as two other gentlemen appeared.

"The foremost of them is Sir Thomas Clifton," replied Roger; "the other is Mr. William Dicconson."

"Sir Thomas Clifton is extraordinarily like you, Peter," remarked Lunt. "He might be your brother."

"Can he suspect?" thought Roger. "You are pleased to compliment me sir," he added, aloud.

"No; you are better-looking than he is; but still the likeness is remarkable."

"What think you of Mr. Dicconson, sir?" observed Roger.

"He looks more like a baronet than Sir Thomas Clifton," replied Lunt. "They ought to change places. But here come two others. I suppose they are the last?"

"They are," replied Roger. "The old gentleman is Mr. Philip Langton; the young one Mr. Blundell, of Crosby."

"I always understood Mr. Langton was young," said Lunt.

"There he is—judge for yourself," rejoined Roger. "I should say he is nearer seventy than sixty."

"And Mr. Blundell cannot be above thirty-five," observed Lunt.

"That I believe to be his exact age," said Roger. "Don't forget it."

"I'll set it down in my tablets," rejoined Lunt.

All the gentlemen thus described were collected together in the centre of the apartment, and seemed about to hold a conference, in which case Lunt felt certain he should be turned out, and he was about to anticipate the order by withdrawing of his own accord, when Joe Tipping, the landlord, suddenly threw open the door, and ushered into the room a robust personage, dressed in a scarlet coat, embroidered with gold lace, cocked hat, and high boots, whom he announced in a loud voice as Mr. Trafford, of Trafford Park.

Expressions of satisfaction arose from the Jacobites on his appearance.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for interrupting you," said Mr. Trafford, taking off his hat, and bowing to them as he spoke. "I heard you were here, and have come to beg you will adjourn to Trafford Park, where I shall be happy to receive you."

"Shall we go?" cried the gentleman whom we know to be Lord Molyneux. "We have no further business here."

"By all means," replied several voices.

"Be pleased to come with me, then," said Mr. Trafford.

On this, the whole of the Jacobite gentlemen followed him out of the room, leaving Lunt astounded at the movement.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said to Roger.

"I cannot explain it," replied the other. "But no doubt the meeting will be more private at Trafford Park. It is lucky they came here first, or you would not have seen them."

"Mr. Trafford is a Papist and Jacobite, but not implicated in this plot," said Lunt. "Otherwise we might follow them."

"I wouldn't advise you to make the attempt," said Roger. "Were you to show

yourself in Trafford Park, you wouldn't be likely to come back."

On going forth with Mr. Trafford, the Jacobite gentlemen found their horses and grooms waiting for them in the inn yard.

Mounting immediately, and putting Mr. Trafford and Lord Molyneux at their head, they quitted the town, and rode along Ordsal-lane, on the way to Eccles.

Before they reached this pretty village, even then celebrated for its excellent cakes, a halt was called, and Lord Molyneux exclaimed, "I think, gentlemen, we have contrived to dupe the rascal!"

"I think so, too, my lord," said Mr. Trafford.

IV.

TRAFFORD HALL.

TRAFFORD HALL, whither the Jacobite gentlemen were now proceeding, through a well-wooded park, skirted by the Irwell, was one of those picturesque black and white timber and plaster houses which then abounded in Lancashire and Cheshire.

Many of them have since been pulled down—as has been the case with Trafford Hall itself—and have been succeeded by modern mansions very inferior in beauty, and totally wanting in the recollections and

associations connected with the ancient buildings.

The Traffords of Trafford, one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in Lancashire, had dwelt here before the Conquest. The representative of the family at the time of our story was strongly attached to King James, and would have rejoiced to see him restored to the throne; but being quietly disposed he eschewed plots and conspiracies, and would not accept a commission under the ex-king.

Still, he could not justly be styled lukewarm, since when any of his Jacobite friends—and all his friends were Jacobites—came to him at a dangerous juncture, he unhesitatingly sheltered them, and thereby rendered himself liable to penalties. Indeed, it presently appeared that all the Jacobite gentlemen who had just shown themselves at the "Black Bull" in Manchester—more

out of bravado than anything else—were staying at Trafford Park.

Hastily summoned together for a special purpose, each came separately to ask hospitality of Mr. Trafford, and was received with a hearty welcome. Nor would the worthy squire allow them to depart when their business was done. He insisted that they should stay with him until next morning, and they all agreed to do so.

Mr. Trafford had given a capital dinner, and they were seated round the table enjoying their wine, when the butler and two other men-servants rushed into the room to say that Captain Bridges and his dragoons had just arrived, and demanded admittance.

This formidable personage and his troopers were quite as well known in this part of Lancashire as they were in the neighbourhood of Preston and Lan-

caster, and their appearance at Trafford Hall caused the greatest consternation.

But what was to be done? Should resistance be offered? Mr. Trafford appealed to his guests, and with one voice they answered "No!"

Shortly afterwards the door opened, and Captain Bridges entered the room, and placing himself at the head of the table, so that he could survey the whole company, he said:

"Had I not found you all here, gentlemen, I should have been obliged to visit you separately, as I hold warrants for your arrest. But Mr. Lunt told me I should meet with you at Trafford Hall, and so it turns out. I shall, therefore, be able to do my business very expeditiously."

Exclamations of anger burst from all the party, and Lunt would have come badly off if they could have caught him at the time.

"Shall we not be allowed to return home?" cried several persons. "We have important affairs to transact."

"Quite impossible," said Bridges. "You will all be taken hence to London. Six of you will be lodged in the Tower—namely, Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard, Sir Rowland Stanley, Sir Thomas Clifton, Mr. Bartholomew Walmsley, and Mr. William Dicconson. Mr. Philip Langton and Mr. William Blundell will be committed to Newgate."

"Let me appeal to you, Captain Bridges," said Mr. Trafford. "It is very painful to me to part with my friends. Cannot you allow them to remain here till to-morrow?"

"I would willingly oblige you and your friends, Mr. Trafford," said Bridges; "but I should incur a grave responsibility."

"You have so strong a guard that you

cannot be uneasy as to the safe custody of the gentlemen," observed Mr. Trafford.

"No; I am not particularly uneasy," said Bridges. "But I ought to do my duty strictly."

"You will act with sufficient strictness if you start early to-morrow morning. You and your men shall be made quite comfortable in the interim."

"On that promise I agree," said Bridges, "provided you undertake to deliver up to me all the prisoners safe and sound to-morrow morning."

"No; I cannot undertake to do that," said Mr. Trafford. "That would be too much to expect from me. I will give your men a good supper; but they must look after the prisoners themselves, as if they were at an inn."

"Well, that seems fair," said Bridges.

"Make yourself at home, captain—that

is all I have to say," observed Mr. Trafford.

Captain Bridges seemed very well inclined to do so, and, judging by his manner, clearly preferred remaining where he was to setting out on a long nocturnal journey, in which there would be more fatigue than comfort.

Without waiting for another invitation, he sat down at the table between Mr. Walmsley of Dunkenhalgh and Mr. Diccon-son, both of whom paid him every attention, and plied him well with wine.

As soon as the Dutch dragoons understood they were to remain at Trafford Hall for the night, they took possession of the servants'-hall, whence they had easy access to the larder and beer-cellar, and obtained all the supplies they needed.

After giving strict orders that his men

should be ready to start at an early hour, Captain Bridges threw himself on a couch, and slept so soundly that, when he awoke next morning, the day was more advanced than he expected.

He was still rubbing his eyes, when Lieutenant Clayton entered the room, and said:

"What shall we do, captain? All our prisoners are gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Bridges, in astonishment.

"Ay, not one is left! They are all gone home!"

"Are you sure of that?" said Bridges.

"I believe so, captain."

"Then they will only give us a little additional trouble," said Bridges. "Within a week I will have them all in the Tower and Newgate."

For the aid Mr. Trafford must naturally

have given his friends in their flight, the worthy squire incurred Captain Bridges's displeasure, and he fully expected to be arrested himself; but Bridges was not provided with a warrant, and waited to see what the day would bring forth, before encumbering himself with an additional prisoner.

The prudence of this course was speedily manifest. Bridges being roused to activity, set to work in earnest. Before noon next day the whole of the fugitives had been recovered, and were on their way to London, where, on their arrival, six of them were committed to the Tower, and two to Newgate.

Before Captain Bridges left London on his return to Lancashire, he had an interview with the Solicitor to the Treasury, at his offices in Whitehall, and was then informed by Mr. Aaron Smith that a special

commission for the arraignment of the prisoners would be very soon sent down to Manchester.

"But before this is done, I wish to obtain another witness," said Mr. Aaron Smith. "I am doubtful of the effect that Lunt will produce, and wish to make sure. There is a witness who would perfectly answer my purpose if I could only secure him."

"Who is he?" asked Bridges.

"Captain Crosby," replied Aaron Smith. "Do you know where he now is?"

"I will engage to find him, if you wish it," replied Bridges.

"I will make it worth your while to do so," replied Aaron Smith.

"Good!" replied the other. "Give me a warrant for his arrest, and you shall have him in a week."

"Here it is," replied Aaron Smith, filling up a paper, and handing it to him. "That

warrant ought to be worth a couple of hundred pounds to you."

"I hope it may be," rejoined Bridges. "The person you want is now at Myerscough Hall."

"The residence of Colonel Tyldesley?"

"Ay. But his arrest will be difficult, for he is very well guarded."

"I leave that to you. But I don't intend to bring him to trial. I only want him as a witness."

"If I can make him understand that, I will," said Bridges.

"Secure him as quickly as you can. The trial will not long be delayed."

"You say it will take place at Manchester?"

"Yes, at Manchester."

"Have you reflected? There are a great number of Papists and Nonconformists in that town."

"I am quite aware of it; but there are many urgent reasons why the gentlemen must be tried there."

"No doubt, or you would have selected Preston or Lancaster."

"The gentlemen are certain to be found guilty. They will be executed, their estates will be forfeited, and we shall have our share of them."

"These Jacobites provide us with good incomes," laughed Bridges.

"They have the merit of being rich, observed Aaron Smith, joining in the laugh. "I won't detain you longer, captain. We shall meet again in Manchester before a month has flown. Meantime, secure Captain Crosby."

"I will set about that business at once," rejoined Bridges.

And he took his departure.

V.

OF THE CHANGE THAT TOOK PLACE IN BEATRICE.

AFTER remaining about a week at Myerscough Lodge, Colonel Parker and Doctor Bromfield set out for Saint-Germain, and would fain have taken Walter Crosby with them, but he did not like to leave Beatrice unprotected.

Except a few private friends, no one seemed aware that Colonel Tyldesley had left home; and very few, even of these, were aware that he and Colonel Townley were staying at Fenwick Tower.

Had it not been for the anxiety that he naturally felt for the perilous position in which so many of his friends were then placed, Walter would have been perfectly happy. He spent several hours of each day in Beatrice's society, and persuaded himself that his love for her increased.

Since her father's death a great change had taken place in the young lady. She had become exceedingly grave, rarely smiled, and passed a great portion of her time in religious duties.

Even Father Johnson was surprised at her zeal, and advised some relaxation in the rigour that she practised, but she did not listen to his kindly counsel.

"I admire your zeal and devotion, dear daughter," he said, "but such a life as you now lead is almost suited to a cloister."

"Perchance it may end in a cloister, good father," she replied; "and I believe

I should be happier there than elsewhere. The bright visions that dazzled me formerly have now entirely vanished—never, as I believe, to return. I have no longer any taste for light and frivolous amusements, or for the gay society that once charmed me. I am happier now in my present tranquil state, and shall dread to mingle again in the world."

The priest looked at her earnestly and compassionately as he answered:

"I desire you to lead a devout life, dear daughter, but not to the exclusion of the worldly duties you are required to perform; and, so far from rejoicing, I should grieve if you were to retire into a convent. You are too young for such a step, and have too bright and joyous a prospect before you."

"Once the prospect appeared bright and joyous, father," she rejoined; "but it has now changed."

"The change is but temporary, daughter," said the priest. "Your former feelings will return."

"I do not think so, father," she replied. "My distaste to the world has increased."

"But I hope you will try to overcome it, daughter. Forget not that the happiness of another depends upon you. Were you to withdraw from the world, Walter Crosby would become miserable."

"But with my present convictions, I could not wed him, father."

"You must not come to a rash decision. The step you meditate requires the greatest consideration."

"I have prayed to Heaven for guidance, father," she rejoined. "And it seems to me that my choice is approved."

"But can you sacrifice one who has so long loved you devotedly, and who, I firmly believe, is in every respect calculated

to make you happy? Can you do this, daughter?"

"Yes, father. Mine must be a heavenly bridegroom, with whom naught earthly can be put in comparison. My resolution is taken."

These words, pronounced firmly and solemnly, led Father Johnson to believe that her determination would be carried out.

"Since this is the case," he said, "I think I ought to speak to Captain Crosby."

"I pray you do so, good father," said Beatrice. "Tell him exactly what I have told you. Then he must afterwards think of me as a sister."

"I will soften the blow as much as I can, but I doubt not it will fall heavily. I will go to him at once, and never did I go on a more painful errand."

"When you have explained all to him,

father," said Beatrice, "send him to the chapel. He will find me there."

Father Johnson departed, and Beatrice shortly afterwards proceeded to the chapel, where she kelt down before the image of Our Lady, and prayed fervently.

She arose at the very moment Walter entered, and could not fail to be struck by his mournful looks.

The expression of her own countenance was sad, but resolved.

"Is what I have just heard true, Beatrice?" he said, in accents of despair.

"It is, Walter," she replied, calmly. "I can never be yours. As Father Johnson has doubtless told you, I have resolved to devote myself exclusively to Heaven, and I must therefore break all those ties that now bind me to earth."

"But will you not listen to me?"

"It would be useless. I am not acting from some hasty impulse—from disappointment or grief—but from a feeling that eternal happiness can only be secured to me by this step. Do you marvel, then, that I should act thus? I do not desire to live in the world. Even the short time I spent at the Court of Saint-Germain was marked by follies which I bitterly regret."

"But I thought you loved Queen Mary of Modena?" cried Walter.

"I *do* love her," replied Beatrice. "I love her better than any one on earth; and I believe—nay, I am sure—she will approve of my present design."

"Will you consent to defer its execution till you have seen her and conversed with her?" said Walter.

"Do not think she would turn me from my purpose," said Beatrice.

"I do not say she will," remarked Walter. "All I desire is that you should consult her before taking this irrevocable step."

"Let me urge you to consent to the proposition, dear daughter," said Father Johnson, stepping into the chapel. "I will conduct you to Saint-Germain forthwith."

"I am willing to be governed by the queen's opinion," said Beatrice. "I am certain she will advise me rightly."

"I do not doubt it," said Walter. "And I will abide by her majesty's decision without a murmur, whatever it may be."

"The matter is of such importance," said Father Johnson, "that I think we ought to set out for Saint-Germain without delay."

"I agree," rejoined Beatrice. "But only on the condition that nothing more is said to me on this subject till we appear before the queen."

"I agree to that," said Walter. "And

now let us make our preparations for the journey."

These were speedily made. As they intended to travel on horseback, they could take very little with them.

VI.

HOW CAPTAIN BRIDGES WAS BRAVED BY HORNBY.

BEFORE his departure for Fenwick Tower a considerable sum in gold had been left with Beatrice by Colonel Tyldesley, and she now gave part of it to Father Johnson for the expenses of the journey.

She likewise wrote a long explanatory letter to Colonel Tyldesley, telling him why she was going to Saint-Germain, and strongly urging him to follow her thither. Hornby undertook to send on this letter to Fenwick Tower without delay.

About noon next day the little party quitted Myerscough Lodge, leaving the faithful steward in charge of the place.

That night they rested at Warrington, and continued their journey next day, care being taken that Beatrice should not undergo so much fatigue as she had done on a previous occasion.

Thus conducted, the journey occupied the greater part of a week, but fortunately no interruption was experienced.

On the sixth day the party crossed in a small vessel from Newhaven to Dieppe, and having seen them safely to this port, from which they could have no difficulty in reaching Saint-Germain, we shall leave them for awhile, and return to Myerscough Lodge.

Left by himself in care of the hall, Hornby knew he had incurred a great responsibility; but he felt quite equal to the situation.

Having a number of spies scattered about, whom he paid very liberally for any information they brought him likely to be useful, he ascertained that Captain Bridges, who had taken some of the Jacobite gentlemen to the Tower and Newgate, had just returned, and was now at Lancaster.

It was not improbable, therefore, that this active officer might pay a visit to the Lodge, and Hornby determined to be prepared for him. All the men were armed, and ready in case of attack.

As Hornby had anticipated, on the day after his arrival at Lancaster, Captain Bridges made his appearance with his Dutch dragoons before the Lodge.

He found the drawbridge raised, and the place prepared for defence; but seeing Hornby on the inner side of the moat, he called out to him:

"Let down the drawbridge instantly. I hold a warrant for the arrest of Captain Crosby."

"Captain Crosby is not in England," replied Hornby. "He left more than a week ago for France."

"I cannot take your assurance for that," said Bridges. "I have reason to believe he is here, and mean to search the house."

"Then you must enter it as you best can," replied Hornby. "I shall not assist you. You have had some experience of me before this, and may rely upon a warm welcome now."

"You will not dare to resist this warrant!" cried Bridges, displaying it as he spoke.

"Try me!" rejoined Hornby. "Hark'ee, my men," he cried to those near him. "Fire on those who attempt to cross!"

"I won't be thus braved!" cried Bridges. "For the last time I bid you lower the drawbridge!"

"You had best look to yourselves!" cried Hornby.

Thinking some assistance must be at hand, Bridges looked round, and perceived a party of horse, double his own dragoons in number, coming towards the Lodge.

He could have no doubt to which side those men belonged when he heard the shout raised by Hornby and his companions. He therefore wheeled quickly round, and galloped off with his troop, and the party advancing did not attempt to stop them.

When an explanation ensued, it turned out that the party of horse which had arrived thus opportunely had been sent on from Northumberland by Sir John Fenwick.

It is needless to say that, immediately after this, the drawbridge was lowered, and the new-comers welcomed at the Lodge with shouts of delight by Hornby and his companions.

VII.

OF THE PREPARATIONS MADE FOR THE TRIAL OF THE JACOBITE GENTLEMEN IN MANCHESTER.

EARLY in October a special commission was sent down by the Government to Manchester for the arraignment of the eight Jacobite gentlemen charged with high treason, and preparations were made for the trial, which was appointed to take place at the Sessions House, on the 20th of that month.

Before proceeding to describe this remarkable trial, which caused an extraordinary

sensation at the time, and very seriously damaged the Ministry, it may be necessary to show what was the state of feeling in the town.

Looking upon the affair as a sanguinary scheme contrived by a crafty and rapacious lawyer, aided by the Government, to sacrifice the lives of the unfortunate gentlemen, and seize on their estates, the inhabitants sympathised with them most sincerely.

Though unable to act for themselves during their imprisonment in London, the Jacobite gentlemen had many friends and clever agents in Manchester, who did their best to place a correct statement of their case before the public.

For this purpose they employed the practised pen of Robert Ferguson, a vigorous and courageous writer, who published a letter to Sir John Trenchard on the abuse of power, in which the Ministers were

severely handled; the Court charged with countenancing the vilest corruption, perfidy, and oppression; Aaron Smith, the Solicitor to the Treasury, bitterly assailed; and the infamous character of Lunt and the other witnesses for the prosecution fully exposed.

Widely distributed, and universally read, Ferguson's pamphlet produced an immense effect in Manchester and throughout the county, and strongly excited the sympathies of both parties, Whig and Tory, who felt that great injustice had been done, and hoped that the scheme might be frustrated.

So infuriated were the populace by the disclosures made by Ferguson, that they declared if Aaron Smith and his perjured witnesses dared to show themselves in Manchester they should be stoned to death.

Very likely the threat would have been

carried out if they had fallen into the hands of the mob; but Aaron Smith was far too prudent too allow himself to be thus caught.

Entering the town secretly at night at a somewhat earlier date than was expected, he succeeded in conveying his obnoxious witnesses safely to the "Black Bull," where rooms had been engaged for them.

Next day a guard was placed at the door of the inn, and another in the yard.

From these circumstances it soon became generally known that Aaron Smith and his witnesses had arrived.

A crowd collected in the market-place opposite the "Black Bull," and threats, groans, and execrations were directed against the inmates, especially Lunt.

Joe Tipping, the landlord, would have been exceedingly glad to get rid of his guests.

Very reluctantly Lunt consented to remain indoors all day; but when it became dark he went out for a walk, thinking he should not be recognised, and took his way along Old Millgate, and Cateaton-street, and down Smithy Bank towards the bridge over the Irwell, intending to cross into Salford.

He was not aware that he had been followed from the market-place until a voice called out to him to stop.

Turning at the summons he perceived several persons running towards him, and, deeming flight useless, stood still, and faced his pursuers, who next moment came up with him.

"Ah, villain!" cried the foremost of them, seizing him; "we have been on the look-out for you ever since you came to Manchester. At last we have caught you!"

"For whom do you take me, gentlemen?" demanded Lunt, boldly.

"We know you to be John Lunt, the perjured Crown witness," replied the person who had spoken. "But we mean to prevent you from giving false evidence against the loyal and honourable gentlemen who are to be tried for their lives!"

"My evidence will be truthful," rejoined Lunt. "And how will you prevent me from giving it?"

"By hanging you from yonder lamp-post," said his captor, pointing to one in the centre of the bridge.

"Will you assist in this murder, gentlemen?" cried Lunt, appealing piteously to the others.

"Ay, villain, we will hang thee!" they replied.

Upon this, Lunt roared for help.

But a bandage was instantly tied over his mouth, so as to silence his cries.

A rope, with a noose at the end, was next slipped over his neck, and he was borne to the lamp-post, and would have been swung from it in another minute, had not the party been stopped by a young officer.

"What are you about to do?" inquired this individual.

"Hang the villain!" they replied.

"He deserves hanging," said the officer; "still, you must not do it. You must not take the law into your own hands, or you will damage our cause. Release him!"

"Release him, captain?" cried the others, in astonishment. "We have been on the look-out for him all day, and have only just caught him. Must we let him go?"

"Ay," repeated the officer. "He can do our friends no harm at the trial. But if

you put him to death, they will suffer for the crime. Again I say, let him go!"

"Your commands shall be obeyed, captain, though we don't agree with you," cried the chief of the party; "and we think you will regret your clemency."

With this, they took off the bandage from Lunt's mouth, and set him free.

Two or three hearty kicks were administered to expedite his movements, but the rascal scarcely heeded them, and set off as fast as his legs could carry him in the direction of the "Black Bull," vowing he would never leave its friendly shelter again so long as he remained in Manchester, except to attend the trial.

Late on the following day the prisoners were brought into Manchester, escorted by Captain Bridges and his dragoons, some fears being entertained that a rescue would be attempted.

But the Jacobite gentlemen of the town, feeling confident that the result of the trial would be favourable, besought their adherents to remain quiet.

The distinguished prisoners entered the town by Market-street-lane, and were met by sympathising crowds, who accompanied them as they proceeded slowly along the street.

But the crowd did not confine themselves to mere expressions of sympathy.

Loud cries of indignation against the Ministers were likewise heard. The Dutch dragoons were hooted, and Captain Bridges, greatly exasperated by the insults offered him and his men, threatened to drive off the throng if they did not cease these offensive shouts.

The conduct of the populace then became somewhat more decorous, and they marched along tolerably quietly till they had con-

ducted the prisoners to a large, roomy house in Saint Ann's-square, that had been hired for their accommodation, as contiguous to the Sessions House.

The court in which the quarter sessions were held, and in which this important trial was about to take place, was a large, plain building, without any architectural pretensions whatever, but sufficiently convenient for the purpose.

Another house in the square had been secured for the judges and their numerous officers and attendants, but they had not yet arrived.

Apartments, likewise, in some good houses in the adjoining streets were retained for their majesties' counsel.

On the night of the arrival of the prisoners a vast crowd collected in Saint Ann's-square in front of the house where

they were lodged, and remained there for hours.

This demonstration prevented the Jacobite gentlemen from seeing their friends, but they were told that, if no disturbance occurred during the night, their friends would be allowed to visit them on the morrow. With this promise they were forced to be content.

Next day, the four judges sent by the Government to try the prisoners by special commission arrived in Manchester.

They were Sir Giles Eyre, Judge of the Queen's Bench; Sir John Turton, Baron of the Exchequer; Sir John Powell, likewise Baron of the Exchequer; and Sir Samuel Eyre, another Judge of the Queen's Bench. These judges, it was rightly conjectured, could have no feeling in favour of the prisoners.

Joined with them in the commission

were Lord Willoughby, Sir Thomas Stanley, Sir Edward Mosely, and Mr. Robert Moore.

Their majesties' counsel were Sir William Williams and his son, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Naps, and Mr. Serjeant Gould.

Sir William Williams had been made Solicitor-General in 1687, and received a baronetcy from James II., against whom he now turned.

Of Sir William it may be safely said that a more unblushing and unscrupulous advocate never existed. But he had great ability, and great effrontery, and a man who had changed his politics was preferred by the Whigs.

The arrival of the judges and counsel added to the excitement previously existing in Manchester.

Already the public had been made acquainted by the friends of the prisoners

with the character and political bias of the judges, and they now learnt that their majesties' counsel were mere tools of the Government.

The foremost of them, Sir William Williams, as we have just intimated, was very able but very unprincipled, ready to change like a weathercock with every breeze. In the reign of Charles II. he opposed the Court. Made Solicitor-General and a baronet under James II., he was now called upon to prosecute that monarch's partisans, which he did with the greatest zeal. Indeed, he had not waited for this opportunity to attack the fallen king, but had previously assailed him.

Like their leader, the rest of the counsel were turncoats, with the single exception of Sir William Williams's own son, who had not yet had time to change.

Thus furnished with a key to their character, the public judged them correctly.

Never has there been a trial in which all concerned—judges, counsel, solicitor, witnesses—have been regarded with so much contempt. In fact, the Ministers, or prosecutors, were looked upon as the worst of all. But they cared not what was thought of them or their agents, provided they could bring in the Jacobite gentlemen guilty.

All persons concerned in the trial had now arrived in Manchester.

Though encouraged by their friends to anticipate an acquittal, the prisoners naturally felt great uneasiness, knowing that all were against them, and aware that success was not always to the meritorious.

As to judges and counsel, they felt quite easy, and ordered the best dinner that the landlord of the "Black Bull" could furnish.

To this, Aaron Smith, as a matter of course, was invited, and drank a good deal of wine, as did most of the others, proving himself a boon companion as well as a sharp solicitor.

But the gentlemen who gave the dinner did not invite Mr. Lunt to the party, by which unaccountable neglect that highly respectable person thought himself much aggrieved.

We must not omit to mention that immediately after their arrival in Manchester, two of the judges—namely, Chief Justice Eyre and Sir John Turton — went into court and read their commission.

VIII.

THE TRIAL AND THE VERDICT.

NEXT day the judges sat in court, and presented an imposing appearance.

With them were the four commissioners, who had likewise seats on the bench. Next in importance was the sheriff; then came Aaron Smith; then Mr. Bailey, solicitor for the prosecution; Mr. Winter, who acted as clerk of the arraignments at Manchester; and Captain Bridges.

Besides these there were a great number of subordinate officers, whom we need not

particularise; and lastly, there were the three witnesses, Lunt, Womball, and Wilson, but they were enjoined by Aaron Smith to keep in the background on that day.

The Sessions House has already been described as a large, roomy building, and it was well it had plenty of internal accommodation, for its capacity was likely to be fully tested on the morrow, when the trial would actually commence. Even now it might be called crowded.

Some little preliminary business having been disposed of, the grand jury were called for and sworn.

On this occasion they were regarded with interest, since they had amongst them representatives of some of the best families in Lancashire—Norreys of Speke, Horton of Chadderton, Fleetwood of Leyland, Hulton of Hulton, Hesketh of North Meols, Hopwood of Hopwood, and several others.

It may be safely affirmed that none of these honourable gentlemen liked their office, but they could not refuse to serve.

In charging the grand jury, the Chief Justice put on a very severe countenance, and told them that the cause of their being summoned at such an unusual time, and armed with a special commission, was in consequence of information received of the treasonable practices of their own countrymen, in which Protestants of the Church of England, as they called themselves, were mingled with Papists, as were the iron and clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image, and had jointly conspired for the overthrow of their majesties' Government.

Whether convinced or not by his lordship's statement, the grand jury bowed assent, and brought in a bill against Sir William Gerard; after which they retired to consider about the others.

"Have you Sir William Gerard in your custody?" demanded the Chief Justice of the gaoler.

"I have my lord," was the reply.

"Bring him to the bar."

Next moment, Sir William Gerard appeared.

A very handsome man, nearly a head taller than the gaoler who attended him, and, as he looked round the court, he perceived several of his friends, and a slight sympathetic sound arose from them, but was instantly silenced by the officers.

Sir William was then arraigned, and the indictment read against him in English and Latin by Mr. Winter, to which the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty."

Similar indictments were found against Sir Rowland Stanley, Sir Thomas Clifton, Bartholomew Walmsley, William Diccon-

son, Philip Langton, and William Blundell, all of whom pleaded "Not guilty."

Lord Molyneux was indicted separately, and pleaded "Not guilty," like his friends.

The prisoners having elected to be tried together, they were bidden to be ready at seven o'clock on the morrow, and the court adjourned.

At the conclusion of this day's sitting, the public anxiety greatly increased.

Everybody in the court thought things looked worse for the prisoners. Yet there was nothing to warrant apprehension. On the contrary, Aaron Smith, who had the strongest interest in obtaining a verdict, very much doubted whether he should succeed.

Once more the judges, the commissioners, the sheriff, and the counsel dined together; and dined exceedingly well.

As early as six o'clock next morning—an

hour before the business of the court commenced—the place was crowded.

By seven, when the judges took their seats, and commissioners, counsel, sheriff, solicitors, clerks, officers, and others had obtained the requisite accommodation, scarcely a place could be found.

Never was a court of justice so full. But the assemblage was exceedingly decorous.

After a brief consultation, the prisoners were brought to the bar, and their appearance caused a great sensation.

They all bore themselves like stout-hearted gentlemen, and no one would have thought, from looking at them, that life and fortune were at stake.

The jury having been challenged, a dozen unexcepted jurymen were sworn, and Mr. Williams, son of Sir William Williams, as youngest counsel for the king

and queen, opened the indictment, which was to the effect that the prisoners had traitorously endeavoured to subvert the Government of the kingdom, and depose the king and queen, by encouraging the French king to invade the kingdom. For this purpose they had accepted commissions from the ex-king James, and, further, encouraged many to be soldiers under them, and assist them in this traitorous design, contrary to their allegiance.

Mr. Serjeant Gould then rose.

"These gentlemen," he said, "stand charged with high treason—such treason as at once strikes at the overthrow of king, kingdom, and Government. The design of these desperate traitors was to overthrow the Government, and bring in a foreign power."

Lunt was the first witness called for their majesties.

Already he had attracted attention and excited disgust, by the extraordinary insolence of his manner—and all the efforts of Aaron Smith could not restrain him.

An eye-witness writes thus of him:—"There is something I would, but cannot describe, and that is the transcendent and unparalleled impudence of Lunt and his partners. I can tell you their words and the material part of their evidence; but the form, the audacious boldness with which they delivered themselves, and their brow of brass, far surmount all the language I was ever master of."

For some time Lunt had made himself conspicuous in the court by his unsuitable attire — an embroidered scarlet coat, a flowing peruke, and a long neckcloth trimmed with Flanders lace.

But this was nothing compared with the

insolence of his manner, and a general desire prevailed to turn him and his associates, Womball and Wilson, out of court.

However, despite his consummate impudence, he was abashed by a question put to him by Sir William Williams.

"Pray, Mr. Lunt," said Sir William, "do you know all the gentlemen prisoners at the bar?"

"Perfectly, Sir William," replied the witness, raising himself to his full height. "I know them all perfectly."

Sir Rowland Stanley then addressed him.

"Since you know us all so well, Mr. Lunt, which is Sir Rowland Stanley?"

"The gentleman on your right," replied Lunt, without hesitation.

On this there was a titter in the court, and Lunt was visibly embarrassed.

But the Chief Justice came to his relief.

"Take one of the officers' staves, Mr. Lunt," said Sir Giles, "and lay it upon Sir Rowland's head."

Lunt obeyed, and at the same time made a second mistake by placing the staff on the head of Sir Thomas Clifton.

On this, the titter became a laugh, but was immediately checked.

In the course of his evidence, Lunt gave an account of his visit to Myerscough Lodge, and how he had delivered commissions from King James to Colonel Tyldesley and others. From Myerscough he went to Croxteth, Lord Molyneux's house, where he saw his lordship, and several of the gentlemen now at the bar, and there delivered a colonel's commission from King James to Sir Rowland Stanley to be a colonel of horse, another commission to Sir Thomas Clifton to be a colonel of dragoons, and

a special commission to Lord Molyneux to be governor of Liverpool.

"Pray, sir," said Sir Thomas Clifton, pointing to the prisoners, "were all these gentlemen at Croxteth at the time you mention?"

"Most certainly they were," replied Lunt.

"Do you, pretend, sir, that you were acquainted with me before that time?" said Sir Rowland Stanley.

"No, I don't," replied Lunt.

"Is it probable, then," said Sir Rowland, "if I possessed the slightest common sense, that I should receive a commission from a stranger like you, the acceptance of which might endanger my life and estate?"

"But I brought you Doctor Bromfield's letter," said Lunt.

"You are answered, Sir Rowland; that letter was his credentials," observed the

Chief Justice. "Gentlemen," he added to the other prisoners, "you may ask questions, but this is not the time to make observations. Let me ask you again, Mr. Lunt," he added, "before the delivery of these commissions to Sir Rowland Stanley and Sir Thomas Clifton, did you personally know them?"

"No, my lord, I did not know either of them," replied Lunt.

"Nay, then," remarked Sir Charles Eyre, "there is no such mighty matter in Lunt's mistake as the prisoners seek to make of it. He merely changed the names of two persons who were strangers to him."

"My lord," said Lunt, "the gentlemen to whom I brought the commission gave me five guineas each."

"Oh, did they so?" cried the Chief Justice.

"Yes, my lord; and I can enter into

details that will prove the truth of what I state. Sir Rowland Stanley gave me two guineas in gold, and the rest in silver. Moreover, all the gentlemen kissed their commissions on receiving them, and afterwards drank the health of King James, his Queen, and the Prince of Wales on their knees."

"How is it, Lunt," said Mr. Dicconson to the witness, "that you did not discover these matters sooner?"

"I should not have discovered them at all," replied Lunt, "if some things had not been put upon me that I could not perform."

"Explain yourself, sir," said the Chief Justice.

"My lord," replied Lunt, "when I was last in France there was a design on foot to kill King William, and the Earl of Melfort asked me to make one in the attempt; but while travelling back to England I met

with a Carthusian, to whom I confessed, and who dissuaded me from the attempt."

Several other witnesses having been examined for their majesties, Mr. Dicconson asked for himself and the rest of the prisoners whether that was all the evidence meant to be given against them.

"I must leave that to the king's counsel," said the Chief Justice.

Thereupon Sir William Williams stood up and said, "To deal plainly, we have no further evidence to produce, unless occasion shall be afforded us from what may fall from the prisoners' evidence."

Sir Rowland Stanley then arose and addressed the court.

"My lord," he said, "we are not able to make our observations upon all the improbabilities and inconsistencies of the evidence given against us, but we are well assured your lordships will do it for us.

Great care has been taken to conceal from us the particular matters we are charged with. All the discoveries we have made we owe to Heaven. Meantime, we hope to satisfy your lordships and the gentlemen of the jury that this is a sanguinary conspiracy against our lives for the sake of our estates, carried on by greedy and necessitous villains."

"My lords," said Mr. Dicconson, "this is a sham plot, like that of Fuller, who was ordered by the House of Commons to be prosecuted. Yet Fuller's case was not so bad as ours. Then there is the case of Whitney, who, to save his own life, charged the Lords Lichfield, Aylesbury, and Salisbury with being engaged, with others, in a plot to assassinate the king, but Whitney's scheme being detected, he was hanged next day. I hope, my lord, we shall make it appear that this design against us is of

the same nature, and shall be able to prove it by our witnesses."

Several witnesses were then called by the prisoners, and after their evidence had been taken a written statement was brought forward by Mr. Taffe, in which he declared the mystery of Aaron Smith's plot was fully revealed.

"I call it Aaron Smith's plot," said Mr. Taffe, "because he framed and fashioned the depositions. It was Aaron Smith who bailed Lunt, and made the Lord Mayor believe him an honest man. It was Aaron Smith who threatened to have me punished when he heard I made it my business to detect the villany of his witnesses. I resolved in my mind to prevent the ruin of those innocent gentlemen by any means, but the power and authority of Aaron Smith deterred me. He seemed so confident of accomplishing what he had con-

trived, that he sometimes audaciously affirmed that in less than half a year he would have the lives of five hundred persons. In short, I knew not what to resolve on till the quarrels of Wilson and Lunt gave me an opportunity of detecting their plot. I have therefore written down this statement, and humbly desire it may be read, and taken as evidence."

The statement was accordingly read by the clerk of the court.

Several other witnesses having been heard for the prisoners, the Chief Justice said to the jury:

"Gentlemen,—There is a mystery of iniquity on one side. If we believe the evidence for the king, it is plain these gentlemen have been the chief actors in a great contrivance to bring in the French among us, and raise a rebellion. But if you believe that this is a scheme of Lunt and

the rest to ruin these gentlemen at the bar, and take away their lives and estates, hoping to enrich themselves thereby, as the witnesses for the prisoners have declared, then the gentlemen are innocent, and you must acquit them."

After a short pause he added:

"Since this is a matter that requires great consideration, we will adjourn for two hours, and then come into court again. Meantime, you are to consider how credible the testimony is which has been given against the witnesses for the king."

Great dissatisfaction was felt throughout the court by this clear leaning towards the Crown on the part of the Chief Justice, but it was instantly checked when the foreman of the jury said they required no time for consideration, and, without going out of court, they immediately returned a unanimous verdict of "NOT GUILTY."

A sound of triumph was ready to break forth in the court, but it was repressed.

The Chief Justice could not conceal his vexation.

"Gentlemen," he said to those acquitted, "you see under what a merciful and easy Government you live. You must be sensible now that it is tender of the lives of Papists as well as Protestants. You are washed from this guilt. Beware of ever entering into plots and conspiracies against the Government.

The prisoners were then discharged, and immedialtely leaving the court, were surrounded by their friends.

IX.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE LIBERATION OF THE JACOBITE GENTLEMEN.

It is impossible to describe the effect of the acquittal of the Jacobite gentlemen on the great crowd waiting outside the court.

Such a shout arose as has scarcely been heard, and hundreds of Papists and Non-jurors marched forward to shake hands with them, but were kept back by the guard.

Three large open carriages, each having four horses, provided by Mr. Trafford, of

Trafford Park, in confident anticipation of the acquittal of his friends, now drove up, and the gentlemen were assisted into them by the servants.

At the same time, the crowd gathered round them, and likewise volunteered aid.

In the foremost carriage, in which sat Mr. Trafford, were placed Lord Molyneux and Sir Rowland Stanley. In the second came Sir Thomas Clifton, Sir William Gerard, and Mr. Walmsley; and in the third were Mr. Dicconson, Mr. Philip Langton, and Mr. Blundell.

Escorted by two dozen Jacobite gentlemen on horseback, they were then driven slowly through the principal streets of the town. Besides the shouting crowds, numbers of ladies were stationed at the upper windows of the houses, who waved their handkerchiefs at the somewhile prisoners.

The weather itself seemed sympathetic.

The morning had been dull and overcast, but the evening was extremely fine.

The general feeling throughout the town was one of strong satisfaction at the result of the trial, which was regarded as a great triumph of the Jacobites, and a decided defeat of the Government, since it was clear that every effort had been made by the Chief Justice to obtain a verdict against the prisoners.

No doubt, a very little encouragement would have caused a demonstration against the Orange party, but this was wisely avoided

After driving about the town for an hour, always accompanied by a shouting crowd, and enjoying their triumph, the gentlemen proceeded to Trafford Hall, where they found a very large party assembled to receive them.

But what gave them most delight was

to find those dearest to them assembled in the great entrance hall. No surprise could have been so agreeable.

We shall not attempt to describe the joyous yet touching scene. It was one of those meetings that rarely occur in life, and only can occur under the most extraordinary circumstances.

When Lord Molyneux and the others could tear themselves from the embraces of their wives, they found some persons present whom they had not expected. Among them were Sir John Fenwick and Colonel Tyldesley, who had just arrived from Northumberland, and were on their way to Saint-Germain.

These gentlemen were offering their heartiest congratulations to their friends, when the door of a large inner room was thrown open, and supper was announced.

Mr. Trafford took charge of Lady Moly-

neux, and Lord Molyneux followed with Mrs. Trafford. The rest of the company flocked in after them.

Never was a supper so joyous.

It seemed to make amends for all they had endured. Several toasts were drunk that had a very strong Jacobite flavour, but we shall not record them. How the party were accommodated we cannot say, but none of them left Trafford Hall that night.

While the prisoners, honourably acquitted, left the Sessions House in triumph, the witnesses against them and the Solicitor to the Treasury were in great danger.

Had Lunt and Aaron Smith been caught by certain individuals on the look-out for them, they would there and then have paid the penalty of their villanous proceedings. They did not venture forth until long after

broken up, and even then had
ost caution.
scals did great damage
nd unintentionally
n they designed

e town privately that
a post-chaise to Stockport,
o farther.

They were followed by two well-mounted horsemen, who overtook them just before they reached the little town, and forced them to let the windows down. The pursuers then fired two pistols into the chaise.

Lunt was shot dead, but Aaron Smith escaped. The perpetrators of the deed were never discovered.

X.

BEATRICE CONTINUES UNSHAKEN IN HER RESOLVE.

Escorted by Father Johnson and Walter Crosby, Beatrice arrived at Saint-Germain a week after leaving Myerscough Lodge.

During the journey she had much serious conversation with Father Johnson, who was opposed to her retirement to a convent, but she remained firm to her resolution. Walter forbore to remonstrate with her, as he relied upon the aid of Queen Mary of Modena.

On the arrival of the party at the

château, they found that their majesties were at Versailles and would not return till the following day, but Beatrice was at once taken to her former apartments, which she found had been reserved for her.

How charming the château looked after her long absence! How pleasant was the garden, how enchanting the terrace! Could she give up all these delights? Could she abandon a world that had so many attractions?

The answer to these self-interrogations was a profound sigh.

Next day, after passing some hours at her devotions in the chapel, she walked upon the terrace, attended by her friends.

The weather being fine, the promenade was crowded, and with the gayest company. Those who knew her seemed enchanted to behold her again, though they all noticed her deep mourning.

From the terrace she proceeded with her companions to the garden, and the party were still there when the queen was seen to come forth from the Pavillon Henri IV.

Her Majesty had heard of Beatrice's arrival, and her impatience to behold her favourite again was so great that she set aside all etiquette, and having only two maids of honour with her, quickened her pace as she reached the garden.

The meeting took place almost immediately. The impulsive queen prevented any formal reverences, but held out her arms, and Beatrice rushed into them.

"How glad I am to see you again, dearest Beatrice!" exclaimed her majesty, in the kindest manner imaginable. "I feared you were not coming back to me. The Prince of Wales has been constantly inquiring about you, but I could tell him nothing, for you have not written to me lately.

Colonel Parker and Dr. Bromfield have just come from Myerscough, but they brought me no letters from you. However, they gave the same news, which I am very unwilling to believe, and I hope you will be able to contradict it. It is that you have become dissatisfied with the world, and have resolved to retire to a convent."

"I am not dissatisfied with the world, gracious madam," replied Beatrice; "but I have lost my former taste for its pleasures, and I believe I should be happier in seclusion."

"And is Captain Crosby reconciled to this decision?" said the queen turning to him.

"Certainly not, gracious madam," replied Walter. "I should be miserable if I did not persuade myself the design will never be carried out. I rely on your majesty's aid, and trust you will prohibit it."

"I cannot absolutely prohibit it," replied the queen. "But I hope our dear Beatrice will listen to reason. She can have no motive for retirement from the world."

"I have been prompted to take the step by a voice within, to which I must perforce listen, gracious madam," rejoined Beatrice, gravely. "And I think, when you permit me to converse with you on the subject, I shall convince you I am right. My feelings are wholly changed."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so," replied the queen. "I will listen to all you have to say, of course, but I am sure I shall not agree with you. I do not want to lose you."

"Your majesty will not lose me," said Beatrice. "I may not be always with you, but I shall ever pray for you."

"But you will no longer be the same, dear Beatrice."

"I hope I shall be something better—more worthy of your majesty's regard."

"You cannot be more worthy of my regard than you are now," said the queen, earnestly. "You must not indulge this notion. Father Johnson must reason with you."

"I have tried to do so, gracious madam," said the priest, "but without effect."

"It is a serious resolve, your majesty," said Beatrice. "I feel I should be happier in the seclusion of a convent than exposed to the temptations of the world."

"You are too young to talk thus," said the queen. "You have had no experience of the world. Were you to dedicate yourself to Heaven, you would repent the step, and I shall deem it my duty seriously to oppose it."

"I am rejoiced to hear your majesty say so," observed Walter. "I felt sure you

would not approve of such a step, and I believe his majesty will be of the same opinion."

"I think so too," said the queen. "But here he comes. I will ask him."

James, who had descried Beatrice from the terrace, where he was walking with Lord Melford and Colonel Parker, came down to speak to her.

Scarcely giving her time to make him an obeisance, he said:

"I understand you are about to retire to a convent?"

"It is true, sire," she replied.

"Have you well considered the step, because it cannot be retraced?" said the king, gravely. "I myself believe that a life devoted to Heaven is the happiest life; but the decision ought not to be hastily made, or from any light cause."

"My decision has not been hasty, sire, but from conviction," said Beatrice, calmly. "I do not think I shall change."

"I have refused my consent, sire," said the queen. "I cannot allow Beatrice, whose prospects are so bright, and who seems designed to diffuse happiness around her, to throw herself thus away."

"Your majesty describes a life devoted to religion improperly," said James. "I believe Beatrice has made an excellent choice—a most excellent choice. I only doubt whether it has been well considered."

"I have prayed fervently for guidance from above, sire," said Beatrice, "and my decision is confirmed."

"Believing that she might hereafter regret the step when too late, sire," said Father Johnson, "I have endeavoured to

dissuade her from her purpose, but without effect."

"My efforts have been equally ineffectual, sire," cried Walter, in a voice of anguish.

Then, throwing himself at the king's feet, he said:

"If I have any claim upon your majesty for the service I rendered you, I would pray you to reward me now. It rests with you to prevent this sacrifice."

"I would serve you if I could," cried the king, in a voice of emotion. "But I cannot interfere."

"You can enjoin a postponement of the step, sire," said Walter.

"Let it be delayed for a couple of months, my liege," said the queen.

"You will accede to this proposal, I am sure," remarked the king to Beatrice, "and will then have further time for reflection?"

"Little will be gained by the delay,

sire," she rejoined; "but I will obey your majesty's commands."

At this juncture, the young prince came speeding towards them.

He had perceived Beatrice, and could not be kept back by his attendants. But, as he drew near, he was struck by the change in her manner, and likewise noticed that she was in deep mourning.

After she had embraced him, he regarded her anxiously, and said:

"I am afraid you have been ill?"

"Yes, very ill, prince," she rejoined; "and I have not yet quite recovered."

"I have been told your father was dead. No wonder you suffered severely from his loss."

"It was a great affliction to me, prince," she rejoined.

"But you must not continue to grieve. The queen will find you plenty of amuse-

ment now you have come back to Saint-Germain."

"I do not want amusement, prince," rejoined Beatrice, gravely. "I am quite changed in that respect. I intend to enter a convent, and pass the remainder of my life in devotion."

The prince looked quite shocked.

"What! Beatrice become a nun?" he exclaimed. "I should never have thought it! Then you won't be able to wed Captain Crosby?"

"I am not to be considered in the arrangement, prince," observed Walter, sadly.

"Indeed! that is very cruel," cried the royal youth. "Have you ceased to love him?" he added to Beatrice.

"No," she replied; "I hope I shall never cease to love him."

"Then why make him so unhappy, as he

must be, if you leave him? Why make yourself miserable?"

"You must give me credit for good motives for my conduct, prince," she rejoined. "You will not understand me if I say I am tired of the world."

"No; because I cannot see how you can possibly be tired of the world with everything to make it pleasant to you."

"You speak like a sage, prince," said Walter. "Beatrice has only to banish the melancholy thoughts that now beset her, and the world will look as attractive as ever."

"Prince, I pray you do not think so lightly of me," said Beatrice. "You have a wisdom beyond your years, and must know that if tranquillity of mind were so easily purchased I should not long be without it. But it may come unexpectedly."

"I trust so," observed the king, who, with her majesty, had listened with much interest to the foregoing discourse. "But let us continue our walk. Come with me," he added to the prince.

"With your majesty's permission, I will walk with Beatrice," said the prince, taking her hand. "I have something more to say to her."

As the royal party continued their walk in the garden, the king, who was anxious to know how affairs were going on in Lancashire, put some questions to Walter Crosby; but, as the young man had left Myerscough before the Jacobite trials took place in Manchester, he was unable to afford his majesty any information on the subject.

Beatrice's walk with the young prince produced a decidedly beneficial effect upon her spirits.

She was reinstated in her former position by the queen, very little doubt being entertained that, on the resumption of her old habits, she would abandon the idea that had recently taken possession of her.

XI.

THE DUKE OF BERWICK.

ABOUT a fortnight after the arrival of the party at Saint-Germain, news was brought of the result of the great Jacobite trials at Manchester, and caused immense excitement.

It was known that an extraordinary effort had been made by the English Government to strike a crushing blow at the Jacobites, and its signal failure was a great triumph to that party.

For the first time for some years, Kin

James began to think fortune had turned in his favour, and his drooping spirits rose accordingly.

It now seemed evident that the Jacobite feeling had materially strengthened in Lancashire, and the utmost satisfaction was felt by all that Lunt, the informer, had been shot.

Advantage was taken of this manifestation of feeling to prove that a much more important personage than Lunt should share the same fate.

About this time Sir John and Lady Mary Fenwick, with Colonel Townley and Colonel Tyldesley, arrived at Saint-Germain, and the three gentlemen were immediately granted an audience by the king, at which were present the Duke of Berwick and Lord Melford, Lord Montgomery, Sir George Barclay, Sir John Friend, Sir William Perkins, and several others.

Before proceeding further, a brief description must be given of the Duke of Berwick.

This heroic personage, the illegitimate son of James, then Duke of York, and Arabella Churchill, was just twenty-four, but had already won great distinction in the field, and gave promise—a promise amply fulfilled—of becoming the rival of the greatest generals of the day.

The Duke of Berwick had accompanied James to Ireland, and was present at the battle of the Boyne, and also witnessed, with his royal father, the destruction of the French armament at La Hogue by the combined fleets of England and Holland.

He next served in Holland, under the Marshal de Luxembourg, greatly distinguishing himself at Steinkirk and Norwinde, after the latter of which battles he

was made prisoner. On the death of Luxembourg he served under Villeroi.

Handsome, well made, and of middle height, the Duke of Berwick had a decidedly military aspect. His manner was cold, dry, and haughty. A very strict disciplinarian, he was never known to err in excess, and his royal father had the greatest reliance upon his judgment.

Latterly there had been a question of a fresh expedition to the north of England, and James went to Versailles with the Duke of Berwick to propose the matter to Louis.

The French king received them, as he always did, very cordially, but said :

"I am quite willing to aid your majésty, but your partisans have so often disappointed me, that this time I must insist that they show themselves first."

"Your majesty is quite right to be cautious," remarked the Duke of Berwick. "I am going into Yorkshire and Northumberland, and will not advise your majesty to move till I am satisfied our friends are ready."

"Nay, they must move first," said Louis. "Hitherto, excuses have always been made by your partisans. This must be so no more. Let them take the field and they shall find me prepared to support them."

"I will give them your majesty's assurance to that effect," said Berwick.

"But let them not mistake," said Louis. "If they hang back, as heretofore, nothing will be done."

"No summons shall be sent to your majesty till all the others are in the field," replied Berwick. "On that you may rely."

At the meeting of the Jacobite gentle-

men that took place in the presence of King James at Saint-Germain, it was affirmed by Colonel Tyldesley and Colonel Townley that the prospects of the party had greatly improved since the recent trial in Manchester, and that an insurrection or invasion, if conducted with vigour, could not now fail of success.

"I am by no means sure of it, colonel," said the Duke of Berwick. "The Lancashire Jacobites always promise well, but rarely act up to their promises."

"In my opinion," said Sir George Barclay, "nothing will be done, unless we first get rid of the usurper."

"Yes, that is the right course to pursue," said Sir John Friend.

"I am glad to find you have come to that determination, gentlemen," said Sir John Fenwick. "I have long felt it is

the only course to pursue. William once removed, all the rest will be easy; but till that is done, there will always be a difficulty."

At this juncture, Captain Crosby entered the council-chamber, and his looks betokened that he brought important intelligence.

"I have news that will surprise and distress your majesty," he said. "Your royal daughter, Queen Mary of England, is dead."

All were struck with astonishment.

"Dead, did you say, sir?" exclaimed James. "I knew not she was ill."

"She is dead, my liege, I repeat, after a very brief illness," said Walter.

A very strong effect was produced upon the assemblage by this unexpected announcement, and for a few moments there

was a profound silence, which was broken, at length, by the king himself.

"Heaven pardon her!" he ejaculated.

"Amen!" exclaimed Father Petre, who was present. "She has need of pardon."

"I pray you excuse me, gentlemen," said James, rising. "I am somewhat overcome. Give me your arm, sir," he added to Walter.

Supported by Captain Crosby, and attended by Father Petre, the king proceeded to his oratory, where he knelt down and prayed.

When he arose, Walter said to him, "I am enabled to give your majesty some particulars that may afford you consolation at this moment. Not two months ago I had an interview with the queen at Kensington Palace, and she expressed a very strong sense of her ingratitude and

undutiful conduct towards your majesty, and her earnest desire to obtain your forgiveness."

"I heartily forgive her," said James, "and I trust Heaven will likewise forgive her."

"Such truly Christian sentiments are worthy of you, sire," said Father Petre.

"I wish your majesty could have seen her again," said Walter. "You would have felt that her grief was real."

"I do not doubt it," said James.

"By this event, your majesty is released from any tie to the Prince of Orange," said Father Petre; "and can regard him as what he is—a usurper. I think you will not now hesitate to order his assassination."

"I have still scruples," said James.

"It must be my business to remove them," rejoined Father Petre.

Just then, the queen entered the oratory.

"Your majesty will pardon this intrusion," she said; "but I could not resist coming to you. Heaven's vengeance has alighted on the head of your unnatural daughter."

"Alas! it is so," groaned James.

"Nay, I have no pity for her," said the the queen. "And I trust the next to be removed will be her husband, the Prince of Orange."

"For him I have no compassion," said James, sternly.

"Then I hope your majesty will not stand between him and his just punishment. Let him be removed!"

"Ay, let him be removed, sire!" added Father Petre.

But the king made no response.

Next day, another meeting was held by the conspirators, and after a good deal of discussion, it was resolved that a certain number of them should proceed secretly to London, and carry out their design.

Among those selected for the desperate enterprise were Sir John Fenwick, Sir William Perkins, Sir John Friend, Sir George Barclay, Colonel Parker, Captains Charnock, Porter, Gill, and Curzon.

James very reluctantly gave his assent to the scheme, and only did so on the strong persuasion of Father Petre.

Colonel Tyldesley and Colonel Townley absolutely refused to have anything to do with the plan.

Moreover, at this juncture Sir John Fenwick experienced an unexpected opposition. Lady Mary Fenwick began to entertain apprehensions that the design would be

betrayed, and urged him to withdraw from it. But he refused.

"If the scheme is carried out, I shall take part in it," he said.

"But I have dreadful misgivings that I cannot shake off," she rejoined. "I pray you listen to me!"

"Your misgivings are idle," he cried. "All our men are true. Name one you doubt."

"I doubt Captain Pendergrass," she rejoined.

"You do him great injustice," said Sir John; "he is as true as steel. Ask Captain Crosby what he thinks of him. Have you any suspicions of Pendergrass?" he added, as Walter entered the saloon in the Pavillon Henri IV. in which their conversation took place.

"None whatever," replied the other, sur-

prised at the abruptness of the question.

"Lady Mary thinks he will betray us."

"I confess I have nothing to justify my suspicions," said her ladyship, "but I doubt him."

"Without reason, I think," rejoined Walter.

"So I tell her," said her lord.

"In truth, I am tired of these eternal plots," said Lady Mary; "and I fear they will end in the destruction of the contrivers."

"Had this plan been carried out in the first instance, all would have been settled long ago," said Walter.

"That is quite certain," said Sir John.

"But I do not believe Heaven will sanction such an atrocious deed," observed Lady Mary.

"Consult Father Petre and Father Johnson," said her husband. "They will convince you of its justice. Consult them, I say!"

"No; I would rather talk to you."

"You will produce no effect on me," said Sir John; "my mind is quite made up."

"Are you equally resolved to go on?" said Lady Mary to Walter.

"Decidedly, your ladyship," he replied.

"Then it will be idle to appeal to you; I must speak to the king."

"Your ladyship need not take the trouble," said Sir John; "the queen is determined that the blow shall be struck at all hazards, and his majesty will not be allowed to interfere."

XII.

BEATRICE HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH MADAME DE MAINTENON.

EVER since her return to Saint-Germain, Beatrice had been in constant attendance upon the queen, and devoted herself to the young prince, who seemed exceedingly fond of her. She rose at a very early hour, passed many hours in prayer, and the strict acts of devotion she performed gave her a worn and emaciated look.

Colonel Tyldesley, who was still at Saint-Germain, had frequently remonstrated with

her, but without effect, now ceased to trouble her. The ladies of the Court were filled with astonishment, and could scarcely believe that the lovely Beatrice Tyldesley, who had held all hearts in thrall, had become so changed.

When Madame de Maintenon next came to the château with Louis XIV., she was told by the queen of Beatrice's intention of retiring to a convent, and expressed a desire to see her and converse with her; upon which, Beatrice, being summoned, shortly afterwards made her appearance, with the young prince.

As Madame de Maintenon watched her approach, she remarked to the queen, "Poor girl, she is a nun already. But perhaps she will be happier in a cloister than if she had continued to mingle with the world."

"I sincerely hope so," said the queen. "I am very fond of her, and the prince loves no one so well."

"Is she not affianced to Captain Crosby, who saved the king from assassination?" asked Madame de Maintenon.

"Yes; and he is in despair at her resolution," replied the queen.

With the peculiar grace that distinguished him, the prince conducted Beatrice to Madame de Maintenon, and then went to the queen.

After Beatrice had made a profound reverence, Madame de Maintenon said to her, "I have just heard from her majesty that you are about to take the veil. I should applaud your resolution if I could discern a motive for it, but it seems to me scarcely possible you can be already tired of the world, and I am sure you will leave many profound regrets behind you."

"I am not tired of the world, madame," replied Beatrice, "but I am anxious to be removed from its temptations."

"There you are right," said Madame de Maintenon. "And if you have really that feeling, you will do well to act up to it, without regard to others; but be certain it is no passing thought, since when you have once entered the walls of a convent, you must devote yourself exclusively to Heaven. As I am also aware your affections have been given to Captain Crosby, who I am told is devoted to you, I hope the resolution you have taken is not the result of a lover's quarrel?"

"Captain Crosby and myself have had no quarrel, madame," rejoined Beatrice; "and he is the sole tie that now binds me to earth."

"But that is a tie that cannot easily be severed?"

"I feel it, madame. But I hope Heaven will support me in the trial."

"I advise you to remain with her majesty the queen for the present," said Madame de Maintenon. "You can then pass a month or two at Saint-Cyr, follow all the religious exercises of the house, and submit to the authority of a superior, and if at the end of that time your feelings remain unchanged, you can enter upon your noviciate. I will speak to Madame Saint-Geran about you."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, madame, for the kindly interest you take in me," replied Beatrice, making her a profound reverence.

"Spend a little time at Saint-Cyr, as I have suggested, and you will then better understand your own feelings, and can act accordingly."

As Beatrice retired, the prince took her hand, and they quitted the saloon together.

"You think a short visit to Saint-Cyr will cure her?" observed the queen.

"I am quite sure it will," replied Madame de Maintenon. "By that means she will learn what a religious life really is."

"Then there is still hope for Captain Crosby," said the queen. "I shall tell him so.'

XIII.

BEATRICE URGES WALTER TO ABANDON HIS DESIGN.

HAVING been told by the queen that Madame de Maintenon had advised Beatrice to spend a couple of months at Saint-Cyr, he resolved to proceed with the rest of the conspirators to London.

But he could not leave without bidding her adieu; and she readily granted him a private interview.

"I fear it will be in vain, dear Walter," she said, "to urge you to abandon this design; but I shall nevertheless make the

attempt. I view the matter in a very different light from what I did formerly, and regard the contemplated attempt as a very great crime. For your own sake I hope you may not succeed. Should you do so, you will ever after endure the pangs of remorse. To kill the Prince of Orange in battle, or in self-defence, might be pardonable; but to waylay and attack him is unworthy of a man of honour, and I trust you will abandon the project."

"I cannot do so, Beatrice," he rejoined in a troubled voice. "I have gone too far to recede."

"Think not so, dear Walter," she cried. "It is never too late to abandon a wicked design. You will doom yourself to remorse in this world, and endless bale hereafter, if you carry out your plan. Leave Heaven to arrange these matters as it may judge best, and do not attempt to interfere with its

decrees. In my opinion, it will not permit Prince William to be thus sacrificed, and I believe your hand will be raised against him in vain. But do not, I implore you, bring the guilt of blood on your soul. Withdraw, while there is yet time, from this dreadful plot, which I have began to regard with horror, and would denounce were it possible to do so."

"I did not expect to hear such sentiments from you, dear Beatrice," said Walter, in a mournful tone. "But your mind is coloured by illness. You do not seem to recollect that William of Orange is the bitterest enemy of our holy religion; that he has done all in his power to injure those who profess the Romish faith. Such an enemy ought to be removed. If it be Heaven's will that he shall escape, so be it; but if he is doomed, let him die. He has done mischief enough in our suffering country to

consign him to twenty deaths, and I should not hesitate to become his executioner."

"I grieve to hear you say so, Walter; but I know you are influenced by a mistaken sense of duty."

"Heaven has not spared Queen Mary, who rebelled against the king, her father," said Walter. "She is gone, and they have not been blessed with children. Ere long, I trust, William himself will be removed."

"Alas! Walter, are you resolved to turn a deaf ear to all I have to say to you?"

"I see no reason why I should spare a rebellious prince who has usurped our rightful sovereign's kingdom. On the contrary, I see many reasons why I should aid to kill him."

"Then I fear you will suffer for his death," she said, in a mournful voice.

"Be it so," he rejoined. "I am quite prepared for any fate that may befall me.

And now farewell, Beatrice. I did not think our parting would be so sorrowful as this. But you give me no hopes of any future meeting?"

"I cannot, Walter," she rejoined. "The future looks so dark that I dare not attempt to peer into it. How I shall act I know not; but, when you return to Saint-Germain, you may find me gone beyond the possibility of recall."

These words caused him a feeling of indescribable anguish, but he bore it manfully.

"Shall we part now?" he said, gazing at her steadfastly.

"Yes; it were best to do so," she said. "Neither of us is likely to change. Your resolution is taken; so is mine. Farewell!"

"Not for ever!" cried Walter, in a voice of anguish. "I still hope we may meet again."

Taking her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and they separated.

Shortly afterwards, Walter took leave of the king, of her majesty, and the young prince, and then set out with Sir John Fenwick in a light *poste-calèche* for Calais.

End of Book the Third.

Book the Fourth.

SIR JOHN FENWICK.

I.

THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

ABOUT a week after the departure of the conspirators from Saint-Germain, a very numerously attended meeting of Jacobites took place at the old "King's Head Tavern" in Leadenhall-street, in a large room in which grand dinners and other entertainments were given.

At this particular juncture, London abounded in Jacobite clubs, which were held almost notoriously at various taverns

both in the City and Westminster, and even across the river; and, to those aware of their existence, it seemed quite certain that a serious outbreak must take place ere long.

But the meeting in question was of a far more formidable and important character than such assemblages usually were, and comprised many of the leading members of the different clubs just referred to. Every person invited came punctually at the appointed time, armed as requested, for fear of a surprise; and when all had arrived, and the room was full, it presented a very curious sight.

Not one amid that crowded assemblage but was a gentleman, and several were persons of rank and distinction.

Every possible precaution had been taken to prevent the intrusion of a spy, and it was

confidently believed that none could have obtained admission. Had one been recognised, he would never have made a report of what he saw or heard.

An oath of fidelity to King James was taken by each member before Father Johnson, who was stationed in an ante-chamber, and not till this was done, and the conspirator had written his name in a book, was he allowed to pass on.

In the same room were stationed a dozen of King James's guards, brought from Saint-Germain by General Sir George Barclay. They were picked men, perfectly to be relied on, and under the command of Captain Porter.

A glance round the inner room, when it was quite full, from a platform at the upper end, revealed some very remarkable physiognomies.

Almost all had a resolute look, as if their owners were determined at any hazard to go through the business they had taken in hand.

Besides this, as we have previously remarked, they had the air of gentlemen. Conspirators they might be, but not vulgar conspirators. Each was a member of some good old Roman Catholic family, who had long submitted to grievances, and was now resolved to redress them.

But they had not come there to discuss their wrongs, but to plan the removal of the prince whom they regarded as a usurper, and the restoration of the exiled monarch to the throne.

On the platform stood a dozen persons, who were about to make certain propositions to the meeting.

All of them were striking-looking individuals, and all animated by a sincere and ardent desire to carry out the design.

Among the group could be observed the portly figure and handsome countenance of Sir George Barclay, who had not only brought forty of his men with him, but had a commission from King James to levy war upon the Prince of Orange and all his adherents.

Next to Sir George was the proud Sir John Fenwick, who was about to hazard life and estate quite as much in revenge for some slight offered him by William as for any other cause.

Most of the others were influenced by feelings of loyalty and devotion to James and zeal for the Catholic religion.

Among the more prominent of them were

Sir John Friend, Sir William Perkins, Colonel Tempest, Major Lowick, Captain Charnock, and Captain Crosby.

Sir John Fenwick was first to speak, and his fine figure was seen to great advantage as he came forward.

Slightly bowing to the assemblage, he said:

"I am right glad to see so many persons present on this most important occasion. It shows that our design is approved, and I do not think a single dissentient voice will be heard."

After pausing for a moment he went on.

"Without further preface, I will give you my idea. It is to seize the Prince of Orange, as may be subsequently arranged, and carry him, strongly guarded, to a house which I have hired on Romney Marsh, and then convey him in an armed vessel, hired

likewise for the purpose, to France. If this plan succeeds, as I think it will, nothing more will be required. We shall have the usurper completely in our power, and can deliver him to King James to be dealt with as his majesty may deem fit."

"I have reason to believe King James is now at Calais," said Walter Crosby, stepping forward. "The Prince of Orange might be taken there."

"No better place could be chosen," said Sir John.

"Your plan sounds well, Sir John," said Captain Charnock, advancing to take part in the discussion; "but the vessel with the royal prisoner would be certainly chased, and probably captured. The boldest plan, and the safest and most certain — as I think our friends will agree — would be to attack the guards at Kensington Palace

at dead of night, force our way to William's apartments, and put him to death—ay, put him to death!" he repeated, energetically. "I will willingly form one of the party."

"And I another," cried Major Lowick. "Remember that when the usurper is slain, we have only to proclaim King James."

"True," remarked Sir John Friend; "but there is great risk of failure in such an attack."

"There must be risk in all such attacks," said Colonel Tempest. "What do you propose?"

"Ay, what do you propose, Sir John?" cried several voices from the assemblage.

"My plan is this, gentlemen," said Sir John Friend. "On the Sunday it is always the custom of the Prince of Orange to drive from Kensington Palace to Saint James's

Chapel. I would fire upon him as he comes forth. What say you to that?"

"It could not fail," responded several voices.

"It could not," said Sir John.

"I know not that," cried Captain Porter. "A dozen accidents might occur, any one of which might save the king. I have a plan, but cannot communicate it now."

"Mount on the platform, and let us hear it," cried several voices.

But Captain Porter declined.

Sir George Barclay next came forward, and as he stood before them, his stalwart figure produced an imposing effect upon the assemblage.

"Now listen to me, gentlemen," he said. "King William's guards never exceed five-and-twenty. I have brought with me forty

of King James's best guardsmen. With these I will undertake to attack the royal carriage as it enters Hyde Park, while half a dozen foot-soldiers shut the gate and guard it. Well conducted, such an attack as this could not possibly fail."

This proposition met with general approval, as was evidenced by the exclamations that resounded on all sides.

"King William's guards will defend their master bravely, I doubt not," said Sir George. "But they cannot contend against such odds. Every one of them will be slain, and so will their royal master. I will command the attack in person."

"Then the result is certain!" cried several voices.

After the applause had subsided, Sir John Fenwick said to General Barclay, "I think we shall adopt your plan, Sir George."

"Ay, ay!" resounded on all sides.

"It shall be so, gentlemen, I promise you, unless some unforeseen difficulties arise," said Fenwick. "Another meeting must be held in this room, two days hence, at the same hour, when final arrangements can be made."

This was agreed on, and the meeting separated.

On that evening, three of the conspirators, who had attended the meeting, but had not mounted the platform—namely, Captain Pendergrass, Fisher, and Delarue—subsequently repaired to another tavern in the same street.

The first of the trio was a fine, handsome man, but had rather an equivocal expression of countenance.

After some converse with his friends,

which was conducted in a low, cautious tone, he said:

"I know not how you feel, gentlemen, but, for my own part, I cannot reconcile this proposed assassination of King William to my conscience. A word in time might prevent it, and I think that word ought to be spoken. I have consulted Father Johnson on the subject, and he threatens me with death if I dare to breathe a word. Nevertheless, I am determined to reveal the plot to the Earl of Portland. You will act as you please."

"Nay, since that is your determination," said the others, "we must do likewise."

II.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

NEXT morning, about eleven o'clock, Walter entered Saint James's Park, and walked on through Hyde Park towards Kensington Palace, for the purpose of reconnoitring.

He was within a couple of hundred yards of the great gates when they were suddenly thrown open, and the king came forth on horseback, preceded by an advanced guard of a dozen men, and followed by half that

number. With his majesty was an aide-de-camp, Captain Vernon.

Mounted on a splendid charger, William was attired in a scarlet coat richly embroidered with gold lace, and had white plumes in his broad-leaved hat, while his long flowing peruke fell over his shoulders. High boots and a neckcloth, edged with Flanders lace, completed his costume.

His remarkable countenance could not be mistaken. The strongly-marked features, the aquiline nose, the keen dark eyes with their searching expression, all proclaimed the king.

As he came slowly on, he fixed his eagle eye on Walter, who took off his hat, and bowed profoundly, hoping to escape further notice. But William turned to his aide-de-camp, and said, quickly:

"Who is that?"

"I know him not, sire," replied Captain Vernon.

"Ask his name," said William, halting.

Walter was about to move on, when the aide-de-camp addressed him.

"His majesty desires to know your name, sir."

"I am called Walter Crosby," replied the other.

The answer was delivered to the king, who reflected for a moment, and then said:

"Bid him come to me at Kensington Palace at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Captain Vernon communicated the royal command to Walter, who bowed deferentially, and his majesty rode on.

This occurrence produced a great effect on Walter, and he knew not how to regard it.

Fortune seemed to have delivered Wil-

liam into his hands. But could he do this deed? No; his soul revolted from it. After long consideration, he resolved to obey the king's order, but deemed it best not to mention the circumstance to any of his fellow conspirators.

Next day, at the appointed hour, he went to Kensington Palace, wholly unarmed, so that no dangerous design might afterwards be imputed to him.

On his arrival there he was informed that his majesty was in the garden, and was taken by an usher along a terrace towards a beautifully-kept lawn, on which the king was walking with one of his ministers, the Earl of Portland.

William's movements were sharp, and his manner irritable. Every now and then he stopped and fixed his penetrating glance on the earl.

The king looked better on horseback than on foot; but seen in any way he presented a striking figure.

Born in 1650, William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, now about forty-five, was still full of ardour and activity, though he had suffered a crushing blow in the death of his consort, to whom he was devotedly attached. He never possessed much personal strength, and too often had recourse to stimulants; but though his frame was feeble, he possessed indomitable energy and courage, and was one of the greatest generals of his time —a time abounding in great generals. In his own country, Holland, he was adored, and had vowed to defend it with his last breath, and behind his last entrenchment. His early successes had greatly raised his influence throughout Europe, and the famous Revolution of 1688, to which this

country owes its liberty and preponderance, placed him on the throne, on which the battle of the Boyne confirmed him. William was not fortunate at Steinkirk in 1692, nor at Newinde; but a year later he retook the citadel of Namur.

Conflicts were still going on at this particular period of our story, but William had more to dread from private conspiracies, and from the partisans of James, than from open warfare.

At length, William finished his conference, and sat down on a bench as the Earl of Portland retired.

Walter then advanced, and made an obeisance to the king.

"Your majesty desires to speak to me?" he said.

"I wish to ask you a few questions," said William. "I believe," he continued, and

his voice faltered slightly as he spoke—"I believe you had an interview with her late majesty in this palace?"

"I had, sire."

"Do you feel at liberty to mention the subject of the conversation. Do not hesitate to speak freely."

"Sire, her majesty spoke to me of the king, her father, whom she knew I had recently seen at Saint-Germain, and whose life I had saved from an assassin."

William could not repress a sudden outbreak of rage.

"Tell me, sir," he cried, angrily, "did not the villain charge me with having hired him to do that infamous deed?"

"He did, sire," replied Walter. "But King James disbelieved the charge."

"I am glad to hear it," said William. "He simply did me justice. But I am told

his majesty himself has no such scruples, and that a hundred daggers are prepared against me."

"Not by King James, sire," replied Walter, in a tone that showed he was resolved not to speak more plainly.

"I am quite aware," said William, "that an extensive plot has been contrived for my assassination; and I can even name the principal members of it. They are Sir John Fenwick, Sir John French, Sir William Perkins, Sir George Barclay, Colonel Tempest, and some twenty others."

"The plot must have been betrayed, sire?" said Walter.

"Then you admit that there is a plot?" said the king.

"It would be idle to deny it, sire, when

your majesty seems to be so well informed," said Walter.

"Before two days are flown, every person concerned in it will be arrested, and imprisoned," said William. "From this you will see that conspiracies rarely, if ever, succeed. The Earl of Portland was informed by Captain Pendergrass of the plot, and likewise by Captain Fisher. It will be useless to attempt to escape. The guard is trebled."

"Sire," said Walter, "I now perceive the position in which I am placed. I cannot deny that I have been, and am, involved in this conspiracy; but when I last saw the queen, she gave me this signet-ring, aad said, if I was endangered, it would protect me."

"Let me see it," said William.

Walter gave his majesty the ring.

The king gazed upon it for a few moments, and then said, "Her majesty's promise shall be fulfilled. Your life shall be spared. Nay, thank me not. You owe your preservation to the queen, not to me. But you must pledge your word that you will absolutely relinquish this design."

"I do pledge it, sire," said Walter, earnestly.

"You must, also, remain here a prisoner on parole, till I see fit to release you."

"I am content, sire," said Walter.

During the foregoing colloquy, the usher who had brought Walter Crosby to the king had remained at a certain distance.

At a sign from his majesty, he now came forward.

"Take Captain Crosby to a room in the

palace, which he will occupy for the present," said the king.

The usher bowed, and begged Walter to follow him.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON ;
PRINTED BY C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, DUKE STREET
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.